The Outlook

Volume 139 March 4, 1925 Number 9

Voting Their Own Salaries

CONGRESS has chosen an inappropriate time for raising its own pay.

In the first place, it has run counter to the popular demand for keeping down the expense of government. The amount by which the salaries of Senators and Representatives is increased will, when distributed over one hundred and ten million people, be not appreciable in the tax burden; but it hardly seems fitting to most taxpayers that the men charged with reducing taxes should at this time vote an additional amount of public money for themselves. Congress was evidently aware of this, for it avoided a record vote, and thus relieved each of its members of having to account to his own constituency.

In the second place, Congress has taken this attitude at the very time when the people generally have been irritated by its inefficiency. If the House of Representatives stands in a higher estimation in the minds of the people than the Senate, it is not because of the special popularity of the House, but because of the special unpopularity of the Senate. It is not merely in a flippant mood that people have been wondering whether the members of either house are worth the money they have been receiving.

Nevertheless the vote by which the salaries of Senators and Representatives were raised from $7,500 each to $10,000 a year might well have been accepted with good grace by the country if the reasons for the increase had been openly set forth and the several members of each house had been put on record for or against. The President is reported to have taken the position that this is a purely legislative matter on which his judgment must yield to that of Congress. That does not seem to us sound reasoning. If he approves, it will be because it would be impolitic for him to disapprove, not because he has no moral right to do so. And yet of course the initiative must come from Congress. In the nature of things, Congressmen and Senators must fix their own salaries; they must themselves decide what their own service is worth. We wish they had had the courage to decide it openly and responsibly. If they had done so, we believe the country would have had more respect for them than it has now.

The Always Lawless Liquor Traffic

THE article by Ernest Mandeville in this issue of The Outlook discloses some remarkable facts concerning the status of prohibition enforcement in New York City. Black as the picture is, it is not wholly discouraging to those who remember New York in the palmy days of its extreme wetness. Prohibition, if it has done nothing else, has brought a physical change to New York City which would make a Rip Van Winkle of the twentieth century blink with astonishment. On the surface at least New York is a changed place; the corner saloon has given way to the cigar store and the candy counter. One wonders whether the total illegal traffic at the present time exceeds that of the Raines Law period, when the back doors of saloons were seldom if ever closed, no matter what the regulations might be, a time when the saloon which refused to sell to minors was the exception and the saloon which catered to other vices than drinking was in the majority. The statistics on this point can never be accurately determined. They are a matter of opinion and guess.

Kirby in the New York World

Never touched me

The situation that Mr. Mandeville discloses is bad enough, in all conscience. It makes the attitude of Albany an unpleasant one for those who believe in law enforcement. The Republicans in the State Legislature are apparently afraid of burning their fingers with a law designed to back up the Federal statute. They are afraid that the Democratic Governor may win political favor if they push such a law.

New York in the old days had a liquor law which, so far as the smaller communities were concerned, was an admirable statute. This law was repealed in order to put on the books the Mullan-Gage Act, designed to support Federal prohibition. At the instigation of Governor Smith, the Mullen-Gage Act was thereafter repealed, leaving New York without a liquor law to its name. It is unthinkable that this condition should be permanent. The fruit of the situation cannot eventuate in the legalizing of liquor; it can only result in aggravating the present intolerable state of lawlessness.

National Parks in the East

WE are in the way of having one or two National Parks available to the people of the eastern half of the United States. A bill has passed Congress creating a commission to make a thorough investigation of available sites in certain desirable regions. This follows a preliminary survey made by a committee of five men devoted to the National Park system, who paid their own expenses. The Commission which is now to investigate and fix boundaries will be

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adequately financed by Federal appropriation. It may be taken as fairly certain that the sites selected will become without undue delay National Parks.

The bill recently passed was originally known as the Shenandoah Bill, but the scope was broadened until that is no longer an accurate title. The Commission may recommend a site in the Shenandoah region of Virginia, another in the Great Smoky Mountains of Tennessee, and possibly one in the Mammoth Cave region of Kentucky. Its investigations are legally limited to these three regions, the preliminary work having shown that in these are to be found the most desirable park sites in the eastern part of the country.

A National park must be made here on a system different from any yet tried. The National Parks of the West were carved from the public domain, and there was, of course, no necessity for purchasing land. The single National Park in the East was established out of land donated by the owners. It is Lafayette National Park, in Maine. In the three regions now to be investigated all of the land is privately owned. Some small part of what the Government must acquire may be donated, but, in the main, it must be bought. The need of such parks, however, is so great, the demand so insistent, that the expenditure can hardly be regarded as an extravagance even by an Administration as thoroughly devoted to economy as the present one is. As this is written, however, the President has not signed the bill.

Oysters and Democracy

To strengthen the faith of the public in the goodness of a good oyster by assuring adequate and faithful supervision of the oyster industry and to develop ways and means for making the oyster safe for democracy was the purpose and the result of the conference in Washington, D. C., February 19. Here met the representatives of the United States Public Health Service, Bureau of Chemistry, Bureau of Fisheries, State and municipal health authorities, State Conservation Commissioners, and representatives of the shell-fish industries, crowding the public hearing rooms of the Federal Public Health Service.

The resolutions adopted covered the generalized features of the programme for separating the "safe" oysters from the "unsafe" and for checking the marketing of shell-fish from sewage-polluted waters. Later specific regulations will be developed. Emphasis was laid upon the necessity of official State and Federal inspection control of the oyster beds, shipping plants, methods, personnel, in order to detect and eliminate possible sources of danger to the public health. The possibility of bootlegging uncertified or illegal oysters, of falsification of the name, brand, or source of origin, must be eliminated. Methods of storing, displaying, and dispensing must be determined, inspected, controlled, and approved by the proper official Federal and municipal agency. The product must conform to an established bacterial standard, and to Federal, State, local laws and regulations relative to salinity, water content, food proportion, and pure food standards. Existing bacteriological standards for oysters must be revised. Congress was asked to provide $82,600 for these purposes.

All this is for making the oyster safe for democracy. But to insure permanent results democracy must be made safe for the oyster (and incidentally for all other shell-fish). Not by premature or hysterical action, but by wise laws based upon equities and facts, the public must be taught that the discharge of sewage, personal or municipal, into streams, lakes, or coastal waters is not only an uneconomic, but is a positively indefensible practice.

To correct permanently the existing situation individual knowledge of basic facts and of personal responsibility is essential. Construction engineers must devise and the voters must require sewage-disposal projects consonant with biological facts and laws. To dump sewage into the public watercourses must no longer be considered the be-all and the end-all of personal, municipal, and engineering responsibility.

Education and Everything

Will the eleventh member of the President's Cabinet be the Secretary of Education—or the Secretary of Education and Pretty-Well-Everything-Else?

The advocates of a new department which shall devote itself exclusively to education believe that they have won the victory for which they have fought for a great many years, though they admit that the law establishing a Department of Education is not to come at this session. They believe it will come at the next.

Two plans have been before the present session of Congress. One, in line with the general reorganization plan worked out by the Brown Committee and supposedly approved by both President Harding and President Coolidge, would set up a Department of Education and Relief into which would be merged the Bureau of Education, the Veterans' Bureau, soldiers' homes, Government hospitals, Howard University, and other things. This was embodied in the reclassification bill, in the Smoot Bill in the Senate, and the Dallinger Bill in the House.

The other would set up a Department of Education, bring into it only the Bureau of Education and the vocational educational work of the Veterans' Bureau, and on this skeleton build through the years a comprehensive Federal educational system in co-operation with the States. It would set up a National Council of Education composed of superintendents of education of the forty-eight States with the Federal Secretary of Education as Secretary. This bill, in practically its present form, has been before Congress for a great many years, first as the Smith-Towner, then as the Towner-Sterling, and now as the Sterling-Reed Bill.

The National Education Association, because of the President's approval, was willing to accept the Smoot-Dallinger plan, but with the frank statement that the Association would work to lop off later everything except the purely educational features. The Field Secretary, Miss Charl Williams, in announcing willingness to accept the Smoot-Dallinger plan, said that she would nevertheless offer for readoption at the forthcoming meeting of the Association the resolution of previous meetings declaring for a department whose activities should embrace education alone.

Other advocates of a purely educational Department of Education were not, however, willing to accept even for the time being a bill that provided for anything else. Senator Smoot was forced to leave out of the reorganization bill everything pertaining to education.

The Sterling-Reed Bill has not a legis-

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Have you not done talking yet?

(Troilus and Cressida, Act III, Scene 2)

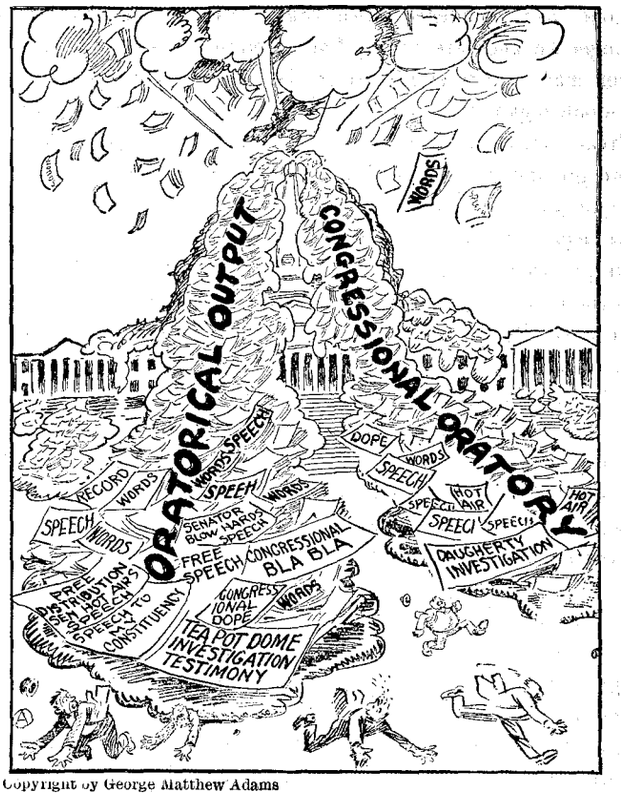
Morris in the Brattleboro Daily Reformer

Copyright by George Matthew Adams

Let us hope for this

From N. C. Kinney, Brattleboro, Vt.

Morris in the Brattleboro Daily Reformer



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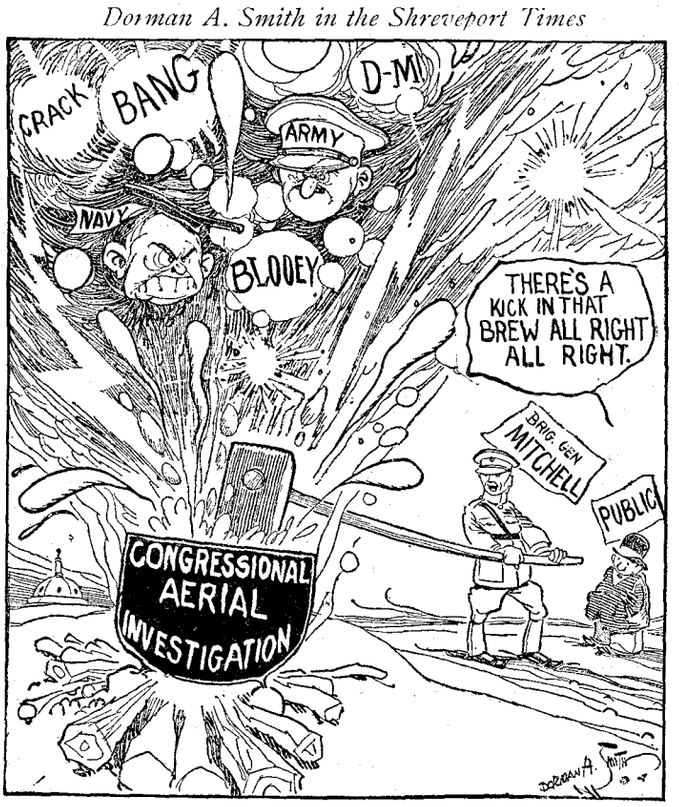
The eruption

From N. C. Kinney, Brattleboro, Vt.

Dorman A. Smith in the Shreveport Times



Stirring things up a bit

From Carl K. White, West Monroe, La.

Darling in the New York Tribune

I HAVE TO WATCH HIM ALL THE TIME FOR FEAR SOME OF THOSE SLICK EUROPEAN DIPLOMATS WILL PUT SOME-THING OVER" ON HIM!
NO GOOD
TERRIBLE! TERRIBLE
IM UNALTERABLY OPPOSED TO IT
WALL ST! WALL ST!
ROTTEN
IF IT WEREN'T FOR ME HE'D PROBABLY BE TRICKED INTO A LOT OF FOOL MISTAKES
SECRETARY OF STATE
ARMS CONFERENCE SIGNED
BRITISH-JAP PACIFIC ALLIANCE CANCELED
CONFERENCE OF EXPERTS SETTLEMENT OF REPARATIONS QUESTION
FOUR YEARS OF UNEXCELLED CONDUCT IN OFFICE

And being your own boss where sound legal judgment is appreciated and respected

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The difference between working for the U. S. A. at $12,000 a year—

From J. A. MacArt, East Orange, N. J.

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lative status that will make its passage possible at this session. The forces behind it, however, are apparently pleased with the result and confident that the law they want is inevitable and not long to be delayed.

Latin America and the Philippines

JUST at the time when the Filipino Nationalists press with utmost urgency their demand for independence Americans will find reassurance in a glance at the recent record of their Government's work as a Big Brother in Central America and the Antilles. The lesser brothers down there form a happier and more peaceful family at this moment than in many a day.

Cuba, with the aid of arms from our arsenals, put down in May what might have swelled into a serious insurrection, but, checked at the start, remained a mere campaign-year ebullition. The Cubans elected a President, and his opponent conceded the election. In Honduras a numerous cast of Presidential *dramatis personæ* called off a many-sided war, after mediation by the United States, and combined to accept a constitutionally elected chief. The Constitution of Nicaragua was brought back to life and set to work, and the company of United States Marines that had done duty at Managua since 1912 withdrew, its task happily ended. Santo Domingo acquired in March, 1924, a lawfully elected President and Constitution, and watched later in the year the peaceful and voluntary departure of the United States forces of occupation that had kept order in the country while a secure Government had its birth.

American arms entered Mexico in 1924, but they entered the country in packing-cases, and enabled the Mexican authorities to prevent the renewal of civil chaos in their country. A Mexican President, the first so to eclipse himself since 1884, voluntarily relinquished his office to an elected successor. South of the Canal Colombia exchanged diplomatic representatives with Panama, in response to the friendly efforts of the United States to convert these two neighbors into friends.

The forces of the United States were withdrawn from the territory of two Latin-American republics. Constitutional government, with its aid, came to life in three republics. Our Nation supplied arms, without soldiers, to prevent violence and disruption in two countries, the most important independent entities in the New World north of the equator and outside our own boundaries. Such a record strengthens the United States in its dealings with the unquiet Filipino. It affords him proof that he is not dealing with a would-be master, that we are not land hungry, that we do not overstay when the time comes to take our leave.

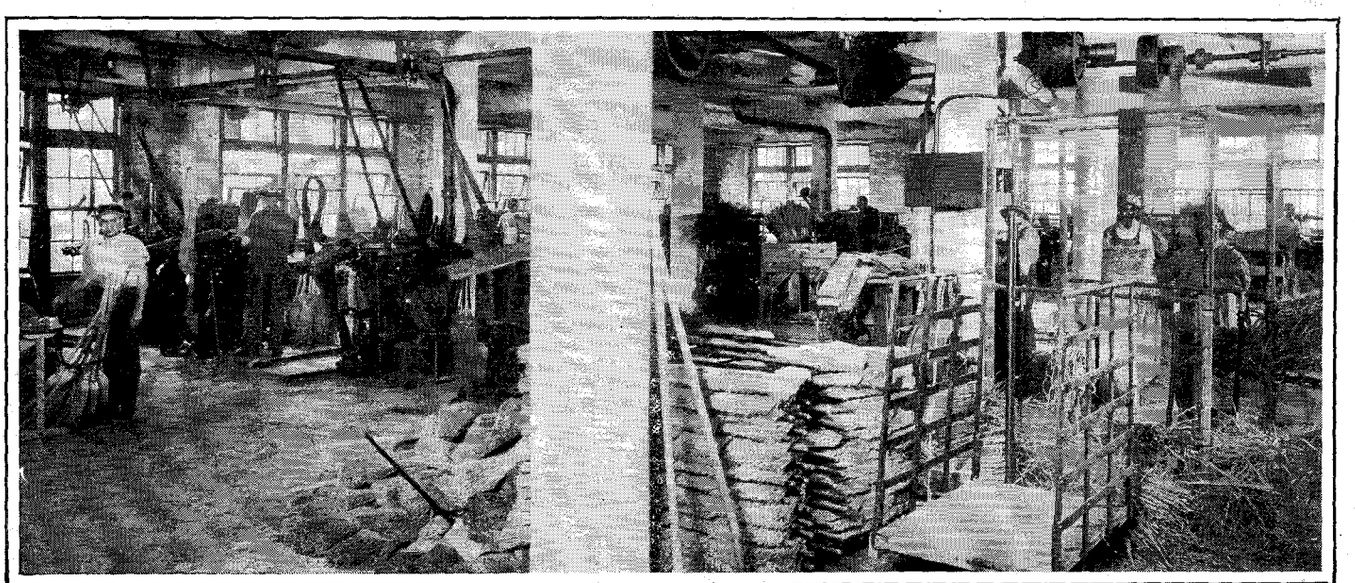
The Lighthouse

MANY years ago the only recourse the blind ordinarily had in making a living was to beg. Dependent blind men, women, and children were frequently seen standing in front of churches to ask for alms. Those who did not beg usually went to the city or county "Home." Now thousands of people wholly or partly blind are earning their living in various occupations.

Men have become insurance agents, solicitors for subscriptions, proprietors of small stores or newspaper stands. They have entered such trades as piano tuning, chair caning, mop and mattress making. Women as well as men have become operators of typewriters, dictaphones, and telephone switchboards. There are blind people who do good stenographic work and engage in various kinds of handicrafts.

One of the important instrumentalities in bringing about this silent revolution in the life of the blind has been an institution in New York known as the Lighthouse. There they learn to acquire skill in various occupations. The loom weaving at the Lighthouse is technically of great excellence. There young women have learned to operate a special machine for taking down notes stenographically which they transcribe. There are even classes at the Lighthouse for æsthetic dancing as well as for music.

Just now the Lighthouse is seeking $250,000 for the building, equipment, and maintenance of a new wing to its structure at 111 East 59th Street, New York City. Many people who formerly gave alms to beggars now prefer to turn their money to such an agency which is aiding the blind to become self-supporting. All of the workers at the Lighthouse are paid a weekly salary for their work. In the long run their work is always purchased in the show room. And



The broom department of the Bourne workshop for blind men

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those who go out from the Lighthouse have the happiness of knowing that they can be really economic factors in the world of to-day.

Holding the Moon to Strict Accountability

THE total eclipse of the sun which was visible over New York State and part of New England on the morning of January 24 was unique in two respects—it was studied by more astronomers and from more equipped astronomical observatories than any previous eclipse and more human beings saw it than ever saw any eclipse before.

The zone of totality of the eclipse, only one hundred miles in width, traversed the astronomical observatories of Cornell University, Vassar College, Wesleyan University, Yale University, and the Maria Mitchell Observatory, situated on Nantucket Island. At all of these places the winter morning sky was as clear as that of a day in June.

What, then, did we learn from this notable occurrence? Astronomers make haste with deliberation, yet it is possible already to point out a few salient gleanings.

To our surprise, the sun's coronal light is stronger than we had thought. It turns out to be a little stronger than moonlight instead of a little weaker, as we had believed. This pearly fringe, a million miles wide, was photographed for the first time in its natural hues, a difficult feat made possible by pre-exposing the photographic plates to red light, thus making them more sensitive to the faint coronal glow.

The moon's shadow arrived about four seconds late! Does this mean that the moon itself was late? No. In science when the empiricist discovers that an observed phenomenon does not agree with his preposited rules he seeks for the fault not in the phenomenon but in the rules—in himself. The moon, then, arrived on time; simply, man was four seconds too early. Why? We do not know. We are aware that the moon has several slight motions besides the easily observable ones, but some of these small motions still baffle us.

What we did learn was how to delimit exactly the moon's advancing shadow on the earth. Previously we could foretell where this would fall within only about one mile. Now, by actually observing this shadow's edge so closely that we can definitely say that it passed between two city streets we can refine our rules for some of the moon's motions so nicely that it will be possible to predict within one or two hundred feet instead of a mile where the shadow zone will come at the next eclipse. We have simply nailed the moon's path down closer.

Many radio enthusiasts combined their observations of the anticipated effect of the eclipse on the radio, and the American Radio Relay League now announces that the eclipse decreased the signal strength of short radio waves, but increased that of the wave band between 150 and 200 meters.

P. & A. Photos

Willem Mengelberg, Conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra

The Radio and Musical Taste

ONE of the obvious developments in radio broadcasting has been the improvement during the past two months in the quality of musical programmes. Indeed, the improvement has not been confined to the music broadcast, but has extended to the addresses made from the studios and from various gatherings. Lectures on collegiate subjects can be heard and discussions of public questions are frequently "on the air." It is, however, in the kind of music which is broadcast that the change is most noteworthy.

This is partly due, no doubt, to an improvement in the receiving instruments, which now transmit with little and sometimes with practically no distortion, and thus make it worth while to broadcast good music. It is also doubtless due to a demand for music of a better sort. Even those who realize that jazz has its place in life, and even in musical art, tire of the monotony of one form of dance rhythm, and jazz over the radio has, it must be confessed, become wearisome. It is not likely to be supplanted wholly; but it is giving way to concerts of real excellence.

Notable among these have been the concerts of the "students' series" by the New York Philharmonic Society. These have been broadcast by a chain of stations, including WEAF of New York City. The number of those who listen in to these fine programmes is scarcely calculable; but some idea of the immense number can be conveyed by the fact that Willem Mengelberg told his invisible audience at a recent concert that he had received from them after the preceding concert two thousand letters. For every one who writes on such an occasion as that there are many who do not, but are equally appreciative. The radio is doing something more than developing musical taste in this country; it is revealing real musical hunger which the radio alone will not be able to satisfy.

Robert Archey Woods

THE question, "Who is my neighbor?" receives in each age an answer appropriate to the needs of the time. As in the parable, the answer is given by a man who expresses his philosophy in action. It is the deed of the good Samaritan that has made him a living figure through the ages.

In the modern city, a jungle of humanity, could the spirit of neighborliness be brought into existence and kept alive? The nineteenth century met the challenge and sent the first reclamation agents into the East End of London. Thither, in the late eighties, went a young American, Robert Archey Woods, recently graduated from Andover Theological Seminary. From Toynbee Hall he brought to the South End of Boston the inspiration of the new way; there he labored for thirty-three years; there on February 18 he died, the beloved interpreter of the settlement movement in this country, no less the beloved inter-

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preter of the spirit of neighborliness in a district of the city wilderness which it had been his life-work to help transform into a true neighborhood.

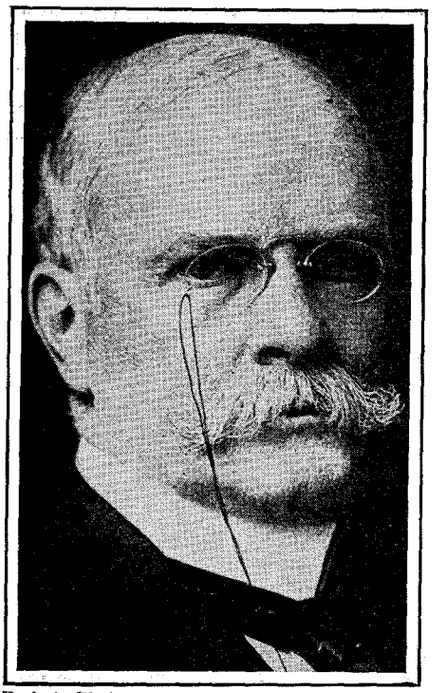
To tame the jungle a man must know how to use the material and spiritual forces that civilization has at its command. At no point can he afford to be inexpert. He must know when and how to act in the matter of the garbage problem; he must know when and how to act in order to bring joy into starved and dreary lives. He must make use of organization, but must not become its creature. To his knowledge he must add wisdom, and to his wisdom love.

Thus with a wise humanity so sure in its operation as to seem instinctive, with the disinterestedness and humility of a disciple of Christ, Robert Woods wrought at his task. And as his sense of humor preserved him from the paralysis of discouragement, so his far-reaching and philosophical mind made it impossible for him to limit the settlement horizon to parochial affairs. The neighborhood had a place in nation building. Included in his broad conception was the training and inspiring of younger workers, who were to carry on the ever-increasing activities of South End House and later to enter upon careers of usefulness and distinction throughout the land.

On the morning of the day of the funeral men, women, and children came to South End House to pay their tribute to the man who, in showing them what it means to be a neighbor, had revealed as well a deeper secret. Later in the day a throng that filled St. Paul's Cathedral, members of the larger community that he had served with similar devotion, assembled in the same spirit. "The bottom tenet of democracy," Woods was fond of remarking, "is the practical perfectibility of the individual." It is but a restatement of what was said nineteen hundred years ago: "Be ye therefore perfect." Thanks to Robert Woods and those like him, the word has still its ancient power.

He Was an Honor to the Printing World

IN the death of William Green The Outlook has lost a stanch friend and an able business associate. With the exception of two years, Mr. William Green has been the printer of The Outlook since October, 1914. His



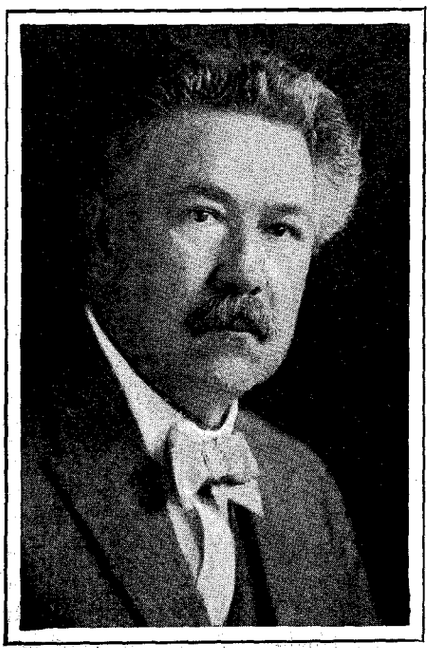
P. & A. Photos

James Lane Allen, author of "The Kentucky Cardinal" and other novels

integrity, his skill, and his devotion to the interests of his clients made him an outstanding figure in the printing world.

He won not only the confidence of publishers but also of labor unions to an unusual degree, for they always found him fair to both sides when a dispute arose between the union and the employing printers.

He served as Vice-President of the United Typothetæ of America from 1902



(C) Underwood

William Green

until 1907 and again in 1918, in which year he was elected President, filling that office during 1919 and 1920. For many years, up to the time of his sudden death on February 24, he was a director of the New York Employing Printers Association.

James Lane Allen

THE three best-read writers of Kentucky fiction have been John Fox, weaver of romantic plots; Lucy Furman, delineator of mountain life and character; and James Lane Allen, Kentucky idylist.

Mr. Fox, who died a few years ago, undoubtedly far surpassed the other writers in sales; Miss Furman's "Mothering on Perilous" and "Quare Women" have had growing and appreciative acceptance; James Lane Allen, who died in New York on February 18, at the age of seventy-five, had the singular literary experience of reaching his highest popularity by his very first romance of any length, "The Kentucky Cardinal," and that first book is widely read to-day, while most of Mr. Allen's other books are little in demand.

The reason why "The Kentucky Cardinal," "Flute and Violin" (a quite short tale), and "The Choir Invisible" are still read, while "The Mettle of the Pasture," "The Reign of Law," and "The Doctor's Christmas Eve," though much discussed when they were first issued, are all but forgotten, is that the first-named books were spontaneous, idyllic, and simple, while in the others the author developed a vein of mysticism that did not blend well with his native charm as a romanticist.

He was fond of music, loved bird life, cared for rural things and people, knew how to keep sentiment from dropping into sentimentalism, believed in modern chivalry.

From the intellectual side "The Choir Invisible" was the strongest of his novels, but it was not the most beautiful in expression, and beginning with "The Reign of Law" his work dealt too predominantly with intellectual and spiritual problems to allow either the dramatic or the character element to hold the reader, while at least two of his last written tales were so mystical as to be actually cryptic, and in them the magic of the earlier romances became lost in the fog of philosophic subtlety.

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Secretary Hughes

AS Secretary of State Charles Evans Hughes has reached the highest point in his distinguished career. In four years he has attained a position beside the greatest of those who have directed America's foreign affairs. Impressive as he was as Governor, learned and human as he was in his interpretation of the laws and the Constitution while he was on the Supreme bench, brilliant as he has been as an investigator, it is as Secretary of State that he has gained his chief distinction. Whatever may be thought of the permanence of his contributions in other public offices, as head of the Department of State he has left a lasting imprint upon his country and upon the course of world affairs.

Diplomacy is the science of peace. When war comes, diplomacy has failed. It is the diplomat's first urgent necessity, therefore, to gain time and afford occasion for calm thought when nations are verging towards a clash. Three times has Mr. Hughes dealt with impending crises that boded war, and three times has he found a way to avert the danger of resort to a violent solution and to substitute reason. Of these three occasions, the foremost in importance as the first in time was the Washington Conference. That was one of the greatest victories for diplomacy in history. It was the greater victory because every participant won. There was not a nation there that does not owe and will not continue to owe a debt of thanks to Secretary Hughes for his master stroke at that time. Even France, aware as she is of the temporary injury done to her prestige during the Conference, will in due time recognize, if she has not already recognized, the great benefits that accrued to her then. That Great Britain benefited the British themselves as well as others are keenly aware. That Japan profited is equally obvious. China's gain has been amply acknowledged. And, in spite of the dramatic sacrifice which she made, America herself obtained certain advantages—though not at any other nation's expense—which it would require a small book to set forth. What the final verdict as to the effectiveness of the Naval Limitation Treaty produced by that Conference will be, it may take decades to determine; but the very proposal of the Treaty met squarely a situation tense with disturbing possibilities. That was the first duty of successful diplomacy. The proposal cleared the air like lightning in a sultry summer sky. It made possible not only the other achievements of the Conference but subsequent international understanding, friendliness, and co-operation.

No true estimate of Mr. Hughes's service at the Washington Conference can be made without reference to the conditions under which it was held. The nerves of peoples were still strained and frayed by war. In both foreign and domestic politics in all countries there was disorganization, and in the economic life of the people of Europe and in a lesser degree America there was something like chaos. The man who guided that Conference through its deliberations found in these unpromising conditions his very opportunity. He made an unprecedented appeal to the moral sentiment of the whole world, and gained as in a flash the support of public opinion that might not have been possible under more ordinary conditions, but would have been impossible except by the act of an extraordinary man.

Again an occasion occurred for putting reason in command of a situation dangerous to peace, and Mr. Hughes seized it. Rather it may be said that Mr. Hughes created the occasion. In his speech at New Haven in December, 1922, he proposed a committee of experts to deal with German reparations. With patience he waited until Germany found resistance futile, and then, with great skill, he made possible the creation of the two committees that prepared the Dawes Report. He could not commit his Government, but he used most effectively the prestige of its approval. In this case, as in the case of the Washington Conference, he harnessed the force of world opinion to a special mechanism for the production of good will and international justice. The very unofficial position of America in this arrangement which theorists deplored as a weakness Mr. Hughes employed as an element of unique strength.

A third time Mr. Hughes met an exigency pregnant with war possibilities. This arose in South America. He met it with a diplomatic formula which served at least to postpone a day of reckoning that might have involved the Western Hemisphere. There can be no doubt that the acceptance by Chile and Peru of the arbitration programme for the solution of the Tacna-Arica dispute was a tribute to Mr. Hughes. It has accomplished more than the healing of one sort spot; it has opened the way for the removal of other causes of friction in South and Central America.

These three occasions are conspicuous because of their dramatic circumstances; but they are hardly more significant than the many less conspicuous instances in which Mr. Hughes has employed reason in the service of good international understanding and justice. In the four years of his stewardship more than fifty treaties and other international agreements—the liquor treaties, the commercial compacts, the Mexican claims treaties, and the rest—have been matured. Many are routine in nature; but all are the product of a fixed policy of eliminating causes of friction. They bear the stamp of Mr. Hughes's conception of the service President Harding called him to render in a time of difficulty. Into them has gone, not only the extraordinary capacity of the Secretary himself, but also the enthusiastic labor of the men with whom he surrounded himself.

In his legal experience Mr. Hughes has seen much litigation due to the faulty drafting of contracts. It is natural, therefore, for him to value in international relations clearness of understanding. It is to this end he has worked, whether in dealing with difficult questions arising from so-called "mandated" territories, or in establishing the open-door principle. He has sought not merely to secure a dollar advantage for American private enterprise, but to give to future American efforts such definite diplomatic status as to prevent as far as possible future disputes over fields of development.

When he took office, he saw clearly that the machinery with which he must work—the State Department, the Diplomatic Service, and the Consular Service—would have to be reorganized to deal efficiently with the new status of the United States as a world power. He set about the task at once. Long before the bill effecting the reorganization was enacted the new Foreign Service was actually in being, and young men, selected for their wide experience and proved abilities, were called in from abroad to man the departmental machinery and to act as an advisory council to the Secretary. In them, and indeed in the whole Foreign Service, Mr. Hughes has cultivated an *esprit de corps* that has again and again demonstrated its value to the Nation.

What Mr. Hughes has accomplished has been in spite of often vexatious restraints. When he assumed his task, not

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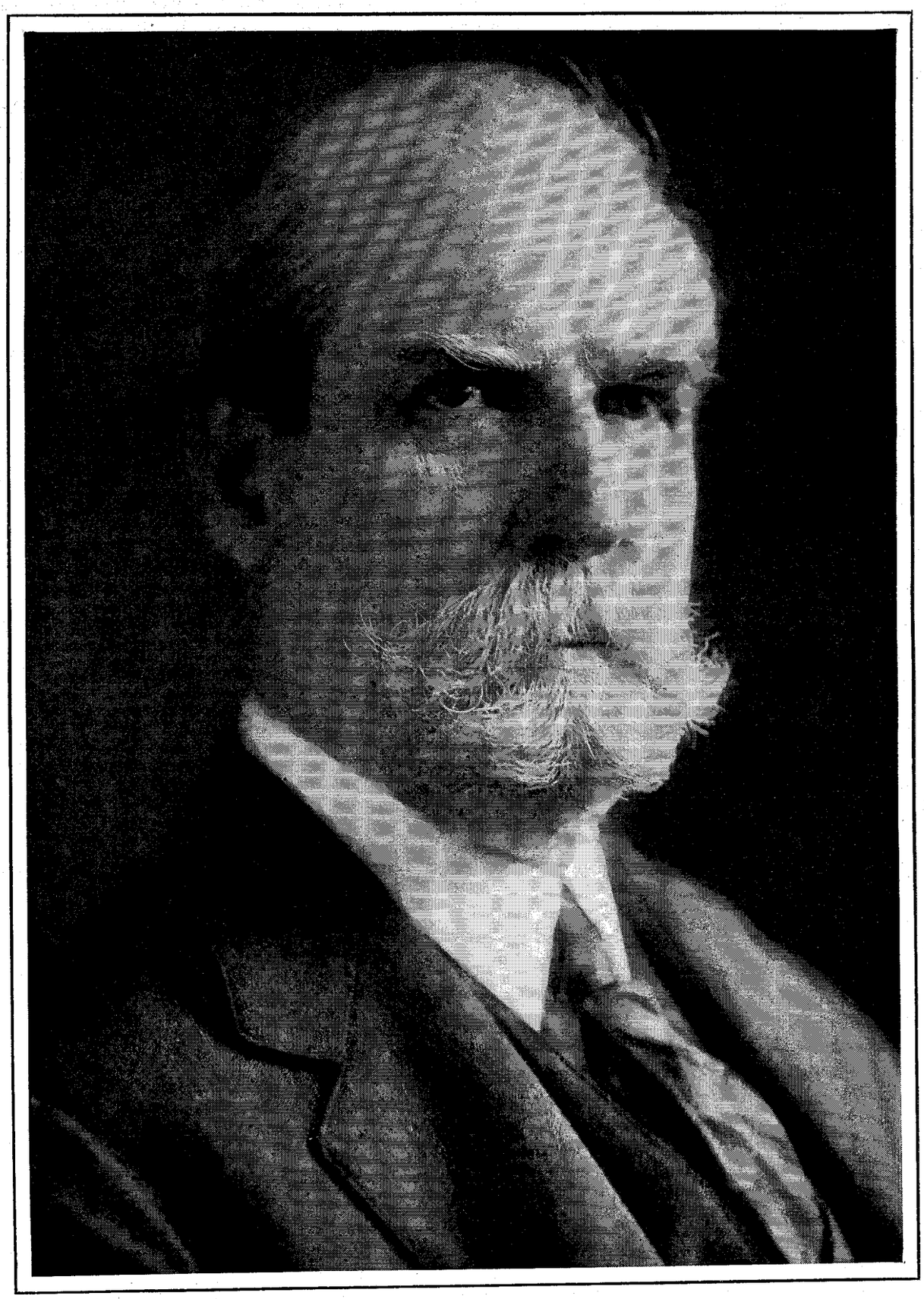

(C) Harris & Ewing

Charles Evans Hughes

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only were international relations in confusion but so also were domestic political relations. The animosities that grew out of the defeat of the Treaty of Versailles in the Senate made doubly difficult the shaping of a wise and progressive foreign policy. President Harding intrusted the foreign policy of his Adminstration fully to Mr. Hughes's keeping, as was evident to everybody at the Washington Conference, but President Harding's desire to maintain friendly relations with his former colleagues of the Senate could not be ignored. If this Secretary of State was to avoid a renewal of the warfare over the League of Nations in the Senate, he had to keep clear from the suspicion of official association with the League.

At the same time Mr. Hughes foresaw that many non-political humanitarian projects would be launched under the auspices of the League, and that in these America would be glad to share. Between these projects and matters likely to involve American participation in European politics he drew the line rigidly. He resorted to the much-scoffed-at practice of delegating unofficial observers to look on at European proceedings because he had no other way of keeping in contact with them, and it was essential that he should do so. By this means he secured an informal method for communicating American views accurately and an opportunity for friendly cooperation with Europe in the humanitarian aspects of after-the-war readjustments.

And now, without bartering away any commitment of his Government to obtain the results he sought, he has brought America officially again into the picture of international relations through the recent Paris agreement.

Judged by results so far, Mr. Hughes's record is marred by few errors of judgment. The circumstances under which the American troops were withdrawn from the Rhine seemed to place the United States in the position of disapproving the French occupation of the Ruhr; and yet without that occupation the Dawes Plan, for which Mr. Hughes deserves great credit, would have been impossible. That error, however, seems not to have had any lasting ill effect. The misunderstanding which arose over the statement of the Japanese Ambassador concerning the consequences of the exclusion of Japanese immigrants was not sufficiently foreseen. If it had been, it could probably have been avoided. Compared, however, with the diplomatic achievements of the past four years, such mistakes, even if they are attributable to the State Department, seem inconsequential.

As he turns from his desk, there is little that Mr. Hughes need recall with regret. Russia and China remain among the unsettled questions. Russian recognition was obviously impossible as a Hughes policy, for it would not square with fundamental principles which he upheld. To him there was no diplomatic formula possible to safeguard trade or other relations with a Government which did not recognize the sanctity of international covenants. In this respect Mr. Hughes's policy was the continuation of the policy followed under President Wilson. China, still in the throes of internal strife and without a central authority capable of enforcing engagements it may undertake with other nations, is likely long to remain a problem to every foreign office. She has never fared better at America's hands than she has under Mr. Hughes.

To his successor Mr. Hughes must leave one outstanding question that might have been settled already if the Senate had seen its way to settlement—the World Court.

Only the perspective of time furnishes a medium for unbiased judgment of the part any man plays in shaping the destiny of the world; but it is already possible to foresee that in the history of our time a conspicuous place will be occupied by Charles Evans Hughes.

Colonel Greeley's Reply

IN this issue the Chief Forester of the United States answers the article by William C. Gregg which was printed in The Outlook for February 11 under the title "Has the Forest Service 'Gone Daffy'?" Colonel Greeley's reply comes in response to The Outlook's proffer of its columns for a statement of his side of the case.

We are withholding our own editorial comment for the present. We wish to leave the stage free for Colonel Greeley at this time.

For the benefit, however, of those who did not read Mr. Gregg's article, or who, having read it, do not have it at hand for reference, we restate here the principal points of that article.

In doing so we cannot avoid two statements which do not accord with what Colonel Greeley says.

Mr. Gregg did not bring any charge of dishonesty, collusion, or graft against the Forest Service. He did not "imply dishonesty by innuendo." Mr. Gregg pointed out the opportunities for sharp dealing; but what he asked for was assurance as to the methods employed in seeing that the sales of timber were competently supervised. The Outlook does not criticise by innuendo and does not knowingly admit criticism by innuendo to its pages. Criticism of public officials is necessary for the maintenance of good government and public freedom; but it should be straightforward and direct.

The Outlook has not asserted as its editorial opinion "that the whole purpose of our Forest Service has undergone a drastic change." What it has said is that Mr. Gregg's article is a call to the American people to recognize that as a fact. Our own judgment upon that matter we shall express in a later issue.

In brief, Mr. Gregg's article criticised the report of the Chief Forester, alleging—

That it failed to give information on certain vital matters, such as the exact way in which the Government is protected in timber sales;

That in 1923 it did not give any detailed explanation of $5,133,382 other than "protection and administration of the National Forests;"

That it indicated inadequate activity in protection against insects and tree diseases, as shown by the expenditure of only $79,202—less than one-half of one per cent of the total expenditure;

That it indicated inadequate activity in nurseries and tree planting, as shown by the expenditure of only $196,268—a little over one per cent of the total expenditure;

That the Chief Forester seems willing to assume the management of the recreational use of National Forests, even though he admits it increases forest fires;

That the Forester advocates an appropriation of $40,000,000, hoping that the road work will be doubled and the number of visitors trebled;

That the roads for which $9,351,142 was spent out of a total of $17,652,087 for the Forest Service were for recreation;

That the Forest Service can be used as a political machine and is the most powerful bureau in the United States Government.

Such other points as are not included in this brief outline will be found referred

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to specifically in Colonel Greeley's article.

The Legend of Cleverness

SOMEWHERE in the pages of Oscar Wilde lived an apparently languid, but really hard-worked maker of epigrams who feared that unless something happened he might "perish of sheer wittiness."

To judge from the preliminary announcements of the new weekly, The "New Yorker," the publishers of it feared some such fate for the men and women who constitute its undeniably brilliant editorial council. It was not to be edited, so the world was warned, "for the Old Lady from Dubuque"—which seemed to be fair notice that it was going to be just a teeny-weeny bit shocking. As a matter of fact, the first number hasn't a shock in a barrelful. Neither is it dull; the editors could not be dull if they were paid for it. The humorous paragraphs that they have written for other papers, the criticism, the plays, and the stories of which elsewhere they are the authors, are invariably clever, and often hilariously funny. Now that these writers are gathered around one editorial table, the result (gauged by their first number) is a little like the usual success of "all-star casts." The jewels sparkle pleasantly, but they do not blind the eye. The "New Yorker" might safely be read by its supposed enemy, the Old Lady from Dubuque, if she cares for comment and gossip about Broadway and the neighboring streets—as possibly she does. Its best page is a revival of a familiar but always amusing device from "Life" or the "Harvard Lampoon"—a report of a mock contest to choose a name for the new periodical. Altogether, the "New Yorker" gives some support to the rumor that when too many wits sit together around a luncheon table the fear of uttering a single remark not epigrammatic actually has a harmful effect upon conversation.

There is abroad in the world a legend of cleverness; a firm belief that since the intellectuals of England and America have shaken off the blight of Queen Victoria and Mr. Longfellow a period has set in of almost diabolical wittiness. A gift of withering satire is attributed to four or five writers of novels and essays. Perhaps there is some foundation for this belief; from a literary view-point this is not a robust and creative age like that of the Elizabethans. Is it an age of the wits and satirists, a return of the days of Dryden and Pope? Some of the critics seem to think so. Mr. Stuart P. Sherman in a recent consideration of the novels of Miss Rose Macaulay is almost humbly prostrate before the supernatural fires of her cleverness. He confesses that he would "blench" under the "rapier points" of her eyes, they are so "piercing," so "ironically mocking," so "candid," so "caustic," so "pitiless." She has "scathing insight."

Putting aside the ungallant suspicion that Mr. Sherman is being ironical at the expense of this supreme mistress of irony, that he is mocking at the mocker—but wait a bit! Can that suspicion be put aside? Mr. Sherman has undergone some change since he came East. Witness his recent high praise of Ben Hecht. Can he have joined the ironists? Who can tell? In days when every novelist is a satirist, when their critics satirize them, and they reply satirizing the critics, the game may go on forever, and nobody can put a finger on a single sentence anywhere and say, "This means exactly what it seems to mean." Feeble indeed is the writer who cannot squirm out of every charge of sincerity by smiling subtly and inquiring if you really took him seriously?

Another novelist who is supposed to wield a pen so diabolically clever that Mephistopheles himself stands aghast is Mr. Aldous Huxley, a writer of undoubted ability, marred only by a juvenile fondness for shocking Mrs. Grundy (of Dubuque). Is it his ability which has created the legend about him, or is it the juvenilities? Who can say? Certainly the mild and gentle features of the author, as shown in his portrait, rather discourage the notion of Machiavellian wisdom.

Possibly the confusion arises from a too determined effort to put authors into groups and to draw limits of time. All the Victorians were not stodgy; Bernard Shaw was wittier under the reign of the good Queen than he has been under her son or grandson. All the Georgians are not sprightly; it is claimed by the modernists that James Joyce's "Ulysses" is the model, the master work of our day. But no Victorian ever created anything so long-winded, so colossally tedious as "Ulysses." No writer of the 1870's could be such a bore as Mr. D. H. Lawrence has proved to be again and again. The narcotic influence of many chapters in the novels of Mr. James Branch Cabell is unsurpassed by anything written throughout the nineteenth century. These novelists have their lively pages, their piquant pages, their risky pages, and, with Mr. Joyce, his emetic pages. But a plum here and there does not redeem a pudding which is otherwise soggy.

The Acid Test of War

IT has been said that no great advance in military weapons has ever come from a naval or military officer. Like all generalizations, this statement is too sweeping. It is true, however, that the military mind is one which is slow to take advantage of scientific developments.

When young and energetic officers have urged new methods and new weapons, they have all too frequently found themselves confronted with the dead wall of military tradition and military practice. Confronted by this dead wall, younger men have themselves failed to give true value to the voice of experience. In love with their new arms, they have not recognized their limitations. They have erred almost as frequently on the side of optimism as their elders have on the side of conservatism.

This wall between the old and the new is manifested in the bitter hostility which has grown out of the aircraft controversy. Able aviation officers have resented the control of their new weapons by men untrained in their use. They feel towards the men who oppose their views as the advocates of steam felt against the old line officers who could see no good in anything but sails. The elder naval and military officers of to-day who still put their trust in battleships and infantry seem to some of the more radical advocates of aviation to be as blind as the men who pleaded for the "wooden walls of England" long after their time had past.

It seems to us that the aviation officers have confused a change in the application of force with a change in that force itself.

The machine gun did not abolish infantry, though undoubtedly troops armed with machine guns and supplied with ammunition can easily defeat an equal number of troops without machine-gun protection. What is good for the offense is good for the defense. The principle of combat remains the same though new counters are brought into the game.

We do not believe that the airplane

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will abolish the capital ship. We do emphatically believe that the capital ship of the future will have to be protected by airplanes, just as an infantry regiment must be protected by machine-gun battalions.

The air bomb tests which have been made against undefended battleships have exactly the same status as machine-gun tests against a row of stuffed dummies in uniform. Give battleships adequate air defense, and the tests would tell another story.

At Plattsburg a few years ago a company of would-be officers was advancing in open order across a supposedly shot-swept field. Between rushes the men lay on the ground, pretending to seek such cover as they might find. There were a dozen or more who could not take the war game seriously; they craned their necks to see what was happening on either side of them; they talked with their comrades on either side oblivious of their theoretical doom. The captain in command groaned audibly. "Lie down, you fools!" he yelled. "Oh, what wouldn't I give for a shrapnel burst over your heads?"

What would not the Navy give for the effect of a squadron of combat planes swooping down upon bombers intent upon destroying their helpless prey?

Congress A-Dying

Staff Correspondence from Washington

TREAD softly and speak low. A Congress draws to its death.

It has been, on the whole, not a good Congress, nor has it been wholly a bad one. More than it has been good or bad, it has been foolish, weak, slothful, putting off till to-morrow and to-morrow's morrow what it might have done on the instant, wasting in passion and in prejudice the energy that might have gone into good work.

Now, with the vital flame flickering out, it looks back upon life and tries in the desperation of death to do what it ought to have done in its youth. Have pity upon any Congress thus tortured!

But Washington has no pity. It has no respect for a Congress while it lives, knowing Congresses as they live. It has no respect for a Congress as it dies, having seen Congresses die regularly this century past.

It is not given to any Congress, good or bad—if there be Congresses good or bad—to die in peace.

The bedside is confusion, turmoil, Sheol!

The poor patient is pulled and hauled and mauled. It is told, peremptorily, "Do this unworthy deed before you go, you hoary reprobate, and keep faith with those who have been partners in your jamborees." It is implored from the other side, "Do this worthy act for the shriving of your soul, for the peace of your spirit when your body is no more—do this for the sake of the right which will live after you."

Every friend and every enemy that the Congress ever had stand in its death chamber and clamor. Nor is that all, nor the worst. Wires are clicking of the impending death, messages flitting on electric currents back to the old home and the old friends—to the creators of Congresses, the sovereign voters.

And that counts. For, while a Congress dead is dead forever, a Congressman passing still hopes for reincarnation, and so the collective "dull cold ear" is alert.

So in all the cities and in all the towns, in the villages and the country places even, Chambers of Commerce and all sorts of organizations whatsoever are passing resolutions and wiring them to Washington, not to comfort a dying Congress, but to coerce it in the hour of its dissolution.

And this thing went on, too, during all the days of the Congress's prime. There are, I think, three hundred odd organizations with representatives in Washington whose business it is to tempt Congress. They tempt it toward the right, perhaps. They tempt it toward the wrong certainly. Right or wrong, they tempt it toward the selfish desire of a special interest. If the special interest be the general interest, that is chance, and it does not at all lessen the stress and strain under which a Congress lives—and dies.

Have pity on a Congress—not this one that lies dying merely, but upon any and all as they come and go. If it does a great deal that is wrong, consider its human limitations and the strength of its seducers. If it does only a little that is good, accept that little with what thanks you can, and with a prayer for poor, weak human flesh, of which Congress, after all, is a part.

During the little while that it still can live this thing is the Sixty-eighth Congress of the United States. Once it is dead, it will disintegrate into mere ex-Congressmen. But its spirit, in some sort, will hang over Washington earth-bound. Always there will be flitting ghosts of it in the corridors of the hotels and in the lounges of the clubs. Intangible and of no effect, they will leave sometimes the faint odor of an alcoholic beverage in the glasses that sit by the water-coolers. Every newspaper man in Washington knows of such manifestations of other Congresses dead and gone.

But these poor impotent ghosts are not all, nor half, of the influence of the Sixty-eighth Congress which will hang after it is dead over Washington. There will be left in Washington beneficent ghosts to do good works, both publicly and privately. Newspaper men—the prying ferrets!—will not let the left hand remain in ignorance of what the right hand does. All of them know that the work of Washington would not go on as it does but for the level-headed and sure-footed ghosts of Congresses gone which still are bound to the scene of their Congressional labors.

But most of the ghosts, after all, will go back to their old homes, and gibber from the hustings and strive as only ghosts can strive for reincarnation, which is re-election. And some there are who will accept political death as a fact and do what useful work they can in private capacities. Whatever they do, ex-Congressmen are in some degree pitiable figures.

Have pity on Congressmen, whether they come or whether they go. For the new Congressman, puffed with pride, will be an ex-Congressman when he has strutted out his little day.

Particularly would we pray pity for the "exes" from those Congressmen who are not yet such. They go immediately into a new body and are prideful in that fact. It were good for their souls to remember that all flesh, even Congressional, is grass—that Congressmen come forth as the flowers and are cut down; that Congresses flee as the shadows and continue not.

Congresses die, but Congress is immortal, its life renewed by the breath of the people. To the end of this order of things that we know and in which we believe, Congress must go on for good or for ill.

Lord have mercy on Congress—and on us!

DIXON MERRITT.

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The Forest Service Is Sticking to Its Job[1]

A Reply to Mr. Gregg's Article in The Outlook for February 11, 1925

By W. B. GREELEY, Chief, United States Forest Service

ONE may pick out of the Bible the phrase "There is no God."

In precisely this fashion Mr. Gregg has culled from official reports the figures used to support his claim that the Forest Service is neglecting forestry for the more popular pursuit of recreation. Still graver charges are made by Mr. Gregg against the competence and sincerity of the Service, even to collusion or graft in the disposal of timber. On his evidence, The Outlook asserts "that the whole purpose of our Forest Service has undergone a drastic change."

Here are the facts.

Where the Money Goes

THE expenditures for protecting the National Forests in 1924 were approximately $2,009,000, all but $79,000 of which was incurred in preventing and putting out forest fires; $1,915,000 more went into the construction and maintenance of improvements. By implication, Mr. Gregg treats this as an outlay to promote recreation. In fact, it built or repaired structures needed for the administration and protection of the Forests, principally the latter. Any one comprehending the wilderness conditions still existing on the greater portion of the National Forests understands the need for telephone lines, lookouts, and firemen's cabins. They are as essential to protection as the employment of rangers or guards. The Service has constructed about 31,000 miles of telephone line and is completing the 7,000 miles still needed as fast as it can. Ninety-four lookout houses, the eyes of the Service in detecting forest fires, have been built, and 166 more of these structures are required. The outlay for improvements is an integral part of protecting the National Forests.

In the supervision of timber cuttings $661,000 was expended, and in supervising the grazing of 9,000,000 sheep and cattle $641,000. Making maps and surveys and appraisals of timber and forage cost $425,000. A little over $196,000 was spent for forest nurseries and tree planting.

Mr. Gregg completely ignored the two items plainly set forth in the annual report which show the extent of the recreational activities of the Forest Service. These were $18,421 used for campground improvements and sanitation and $113,185 expended in the administration of recreation and land use. The latter includes all forms of land permits, many of which are for commercial purposes like sawmills, as well as the permits for summer homes and resorts which may fairly be charged to recreation. Aside from the handling of actual leases of land and the meager amount expended for improving public camp-grounds, the actual outlay chargeable to recreation was $33,000.

The Building of Roads

ROAD and trail construction bulks large in the expenditures of the Forest Service. Mr. Gregg would have the reader believe that the Service deliberately spent fifty-three per cent of $17,652,000 available for forest preservation on roads, and that its purpose was to promote recreation. This is an utter perversion of what the annual reports of the Service have repeatedly and clearly set forth.

National Forest roads are built under specific acts and appropriations of Congress, which make such funds available for roads and nothing else. These appropriations are based upon the Federal Highway Act. They are designed (1) to aid the States and counties in providing the facilities needed for public travel, and (2) to protect and develop the Government's holdings. The National Forests have less than one mile of serviceable road to the average township.

To hold this up as a programme for the construction of play roads is wholly wrong. The building of State and county highways which cross National Forests is analogous to the Federal aid granted all States for post roads and is part of the same policy. These areas are withheld from local taxation. Public highways are needed for post routes, for inter-State and inter-town communication, for all the needs of public travel. Congress has recognized this need by supporting a programme of highway building which is worked out jointly by the Bureau of Public Roads, the State Highway Commissions, and the Forest Service.

In building the second class, the cheap roads required in developing the National Forests, priority has always been given to the roads needed for protection and the use of economic resources. The Government's great forest property cannot be effectively protected or its timber, forage, and water effectively used without many roads. These are not vast reservations dedicated to eternal silence and forest fires. They are public properties, which the public expects to have safeguarded and utilized. Road building is a primary requisite of efficient protection and use.

It is true that many roads sooner or later attract recreation travel. Some of them are extensively used for recreation, including a number that give access to National Parks. If Mr. Gregg holds that it is not desirable to make the public forests available for health and recreation, I do not agree with him. If he holds that the Federal expenditures on National Forests would be in better balance if more money were made available for fire protection and tree planting, on that I agree with him. The matter is not subject to control by the Forest Service. We can only spend the funds given us for the specific objects for which they are appropriated.

It is true enough that recreation seekers do increase the fire hazard on the National Forests. This is more true of the hunters, fishermen, and others who leave the roads for the back country than of the travelers on the highways. It is necessary during emergency fire conditions to exclude or restrict public travel in portions of the National Forests for short periods. But it would be unthinkable to seek the protection of the National Forests by locking them up from public use. A policy of that sort would be a denial of the very purpose of public service for which the National Forests were created. And, on the other hand, the extension of roads and trails is of enormous benefit to the protection of the Forests by making them more accessible and permitting quick action on fires.

Every form of using the National Forests tends to increase their fire hazard. This is as true of timber cutting as of hunting, fishing, or camping. It would be as reasonable to let our immense stands of virgin timber rot unused as to exclude recreation on the ground of danger from forest fires. The National Forests were created to be used. The

[1] An editorial on the criticisms of this Service appears elsewhere in this issue.

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extension of roads promotes both their use and their protection. The fire hazard that accompanies more general use for all purposes must be offset by a larger protective force, by control of the use of fire, by public education in fire safety, and by law enforcement.

Recreation in the National Forests

THREE specific acts of Congress have provided for recreation in the National Forests. The first is the organic law of 1897, which provides that the National Forests shall be open to the public for all proper and lawful purposes. The second is the act of 1915, which authorizes the issuance of term permits "for the construction of summer homes, hotels, stores, or other structures needed for recreation or public convenience." The third is an item carried in the last three appropriation bills, which has made available to the end of the current fiscal year a total of $50,000 for the construction of sanitary facilities and other improvements on public camp-grounds.

The American public has taken possession of the National Forests for outdoor recreation. Their 157,000,000 acres of uplands, rugged mountains, forests, and waterways have invited the traveler, camper, and hunter in constantly growing numbers. Nothing could stop it short of a policy of absolute exclusion that would be contrary to law.

The Forest Service does not believe that it should be stopped. We encourage the use of the National Forests for public recreation because we believe that in this way the Government properties can render an enormous social service. We attempt no specialized or highly developed scheme of recreation. About 1,500 camp-grounds in the National Forests are used every summer by large numbers of people. As we are able to do so, we are improving these camp-grounds to make them safe from the escape of fire and to provide the simplest of sanitary and other conveniences. The simplicity of such improvements is indicated by an average cost of $150 per camp-ground.

We issue summer home permits, about 8,000 thus far, to families who desire permanent cabins to which they may come year after year. We encourage municipal camps, county camps, Boy Scout camps, and the like where any responsible local organization will take upon itself the improvement and supervision of a recreational area. We issue permits for hotels or resorts, and for stores and garages where they are needed to accommodate the public. We make simple plans for the development of areas having a special value for recreation, and place some restrictions on the use of commercial resources in order that this value may not be impaired.

Recreation has become a major use of the National Forests because the American people have made it so. There is no inconsistency in encouraging and providing for this use of the great forest properties of the Government while at the same time pushing forward their primary objects of producing timber and forage and conserving water. The conservation of wild life is in exactly the same status, for which the Service expended about $50,000 in the last fiscal year. Both recreation and wild life may, if you please, be regarded as by-products of forestry. However regarded, they are valuable elements of public service from the National Forests, and if the Forest Service failed in making provision for them within reasonable limits it would fail to carry out the cardinal principle laid down by Secretary James Wilson in 1905, of accomplishing the greatest good for the greatest number in the long run.

(C) Keystone

W. B. Greeley, Chief Forester of the United States

The resolutions adopted on May 24, 1924, by the National Conference on Outdoor Recreation, called by President Coolidge, contained the following:

> The resources of National Forests, including recreation, should be developed to the greatest possible extent consistent with permanent productivity in such a way as to insure the highest use of all parts of the area involved.

The aims of the Forest Service are in harmony with that resolution. We are seeking a properly balanced use of the National Forests in which the production of timber and its related resources come first, but in which recreation of the simple, every-day sort shall have its proper place.

Fighting Forest Fires

MR. GREGG makes many charges of incompetence or lack of good faith on the part of the Forest Service. It is impossible to answer all of these charges within the space accorded. These are matters of public record and procedure. There is nothing secret or hidden about any of them. Mr. Gregg could easily have got all the facts had he cared to do so. The most unfair allegation is that of insincerity in our efforts to prevent and put out forest fires. This, he says, the Service "does not seriously attempt."

From its inception, the Forest Service has been organized to put its maximum strength into the field during the fire season. The effort to perfect the most efficient fire organization of which we are capable has absorbed more thought, energy, and time of the whole Service, from the Chief Forester down, than all other activities or interests combined. Our entire force has been keyed up to meet the fire hazard by planning, by the construction of improvements and measures of preparedness, by the subordination of other activities, and by mustering the greatest possible field force during dangerous periods. Except in personal emergencies, the rule of the Service is to grant leave to employees only when official duties will permit.

The necessity for having all hands on the job on each National Forest during the fire season peculiar to its climatic situation has been just as universally understood by the Forest officers and as universally enforced as the necessity for honesty in measuring the timber cut under Government contracts. If this rule has been departed from in individual cases, Mr. Gregg should bring them to my attention. In twenty years' work on the National Forests, I can recall one such case, which I dealt with on the spot.

If Mr. Gregg looked into our records, he would find cases where Forest rangers, injured or broken down by the long strain of fire fighting, have taken leave to go to hospitals. He would find that Ranger Overmeyer, of the Shasta National Forest, took permanent leave of earthly affairs last summer after ten days of continuous fire fighting. Any one who has lived and worked with the Forest rangers as I have done, and who has seen the stress and physical exhaustion endured by these men during long periods on the fire lines, could not but deeply

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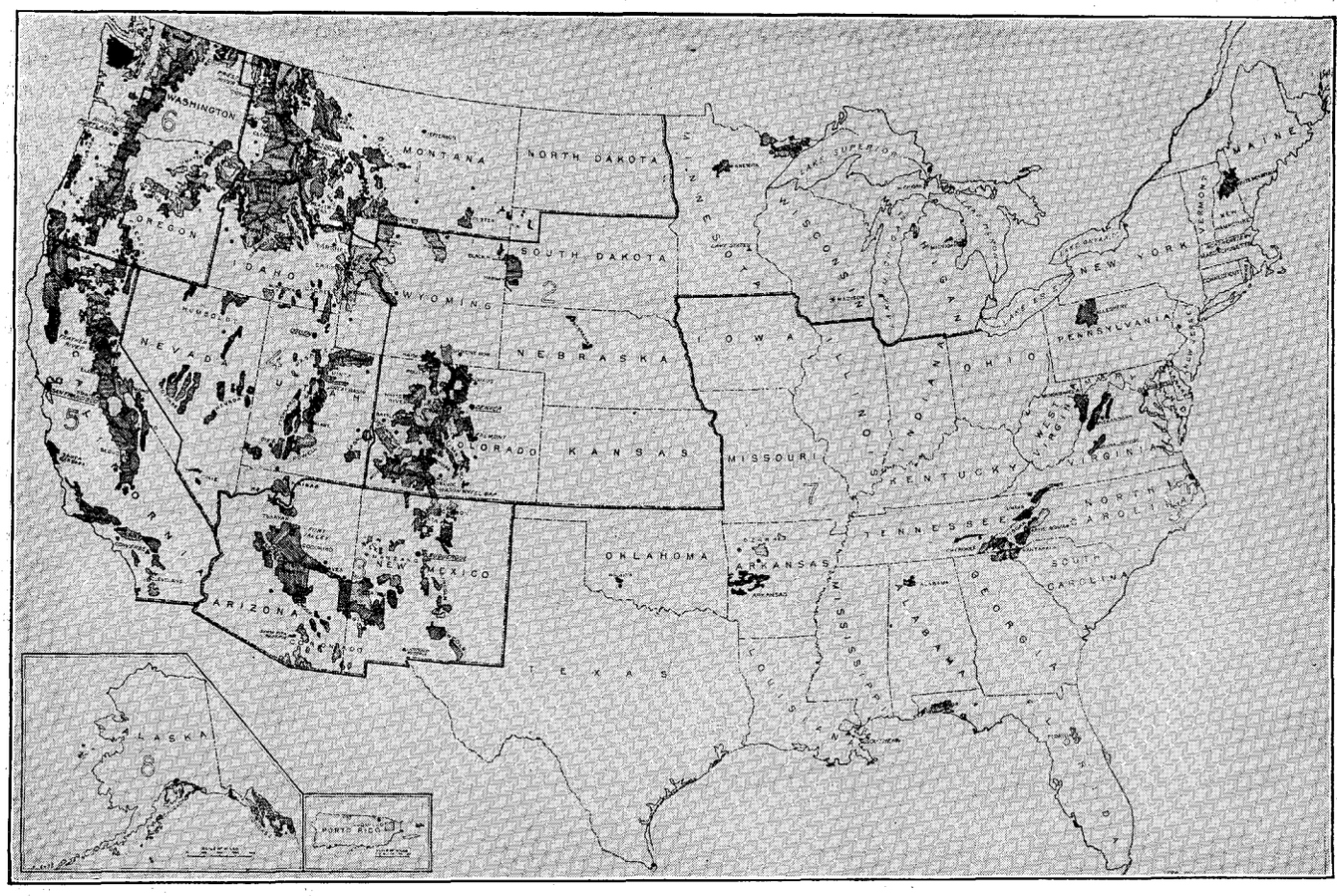

This map shows the distribution of the areas under control of the Forest Service

resent Mr. Gregg's imputation against their loyalty and fidelity.

We have 5,000 or 6,000 fires in the National Forests during the most favorable years. In 1924 we had 8,247 fires. Seventy-five to eighty per cent of them are put out before they burn more than ten acres. In the four years preceding 1924 the average area burned was two-tenths of one per cent of the acreage in the National Forests. In 1924, a season of exceptional drought, the acreage burned was four-tenths of one per cent. I have set up as a goal the reduction of our annual fire loss to one-tenth of one per cent. We are bending every effort to attain that goal. We have plenty of room for improvement and we have made mistakes; but a lack of good faith is not one of them.

It is absurd to assert that the protection of the National Forests can be built up around a force of bachelors living in isolated cabins. The Forest Service employs 2,200 temporary guards and lookouts during the fire season, who are distributed all over the National Forests with a view to covering every hazardous area as effectively as possible. But the key to forest protection is the seasoned, year-long ranger who knows his territory, is experienced in fire detection and suppression, and can shoulder large responsibilities. These rangers, of whom there are more than one thousand, are the backbone of our fire organization. They must have the permanency of employment and the living conditions necessary to make this their life-work. We can no more run the National Forests on a shifting force of temporary employees than Mr. Gregg could operate his factories exclusively with that type of labor.

Forest Insects and Diseases

STOPPING the inroads of insects and disease is often an extremely difficult task, particularly on the large scale necessary in forest areas. The spruce budworm has destroyed enormous quantities of valuable timber in New England and Canada, while lumbermen and foresters were helpless to stop it. Expert pathologists fought the chestnut blight for years and became convinced that their efforts were futile. The State of Pennsylvania spent a quarter of a million dollars in trying to curb this plague, to no avail. Any one having the slightest knowledge of this situation recognizes the absurdity of Mr. Gregg's attempt to make the Forest Service responsible for not halting the chestnut blight.

The technical work in these fields is done by expert pathologists and entomologists of the Department of Agriculture, who co-operate with the Forest Service and tell us what to do. Practicable methods of controlling the white-pine blister rust have been developed by the Bureau of Plant Industry. With its aid the Forest Service is cleaning up all of the white-pine areas in National Forests where this pest occurs. The only remedy yet known for nearly all other forest diseases is to cut infected timber before it becomes unmerchantable and salvage it as cleanly as possible. Much has been accomplished in this direction in the selection and execution of National Forest timber sales.

Approximately $120,000 has been spent during the last three years by the Forest Service and the Bureau of Entomology, in co-operation with timberland owners, in stopping the inroads of pine beetles in southern Oregon and northern California. Another large project of the same sort has been conducted during the past two years to save timber in the Kaibab National Forest of Arizona. Projects of this nature form part of the current work of the Service every year. Wherever it has appeared possible to stop timber destruction by insects in the National Forests, the Service has bent every effort to do it.

The Selling of Timber

NOTHING is easier or, to my thinking, more unethical than to imply dishonesty by innuendo while furnishing no evidence or facts susceptible of proof. This is Mr. Gregg's method of charging the Forest Service with maladministra-

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tion of public timber. He obviously knows little of our methods of handling sales.

Aside from the Forest rangers, a large force of expert lumbermen, scalers, and trained foresters is employed. Their primary duty, except in fire emergencies, is to supervise the cutting of timber. Small quantities are sold at low rates or given to settlers and farmers as required by law. The market value of all other stumpage is determined by field appraisal. Every sale covering more than $100 worth is advertised for competitive bids at not less than the appraised price. All of the larger sales are widely advertised for much longer periods than the thirty days required by statute. Every sale is under constant supervision on the ground. In all the larger contracts a Forest ranger or an experienced lumberman gives his entire time to the measurement of the timber cut and the supervision of logging. Except in a few very small sales, all of the timber is paid for on a measurement of the logs after the trees are felled.

Every log is scaled, numbered, and entered in the records of the sale. Competent check scalers visit the cutting operations, unannounced, to verify the measurement of the logs. The sales are under constant inspection by the Supervisor of the National Forest, by representatives of the eight district headquarters, and by three men from Washington, aside from the Chief Forester himself. If there is anywhere in the world a more complete organization for the appraisal, supervision, and exact measurement of timber operations, I would like to have Mr. Gregg point it out.

The National Forests contain about one-fifth of the standing timber in the United States. To lock this timber up from use after it has attained maturity is to deny the whole conception of forestry. Federal law has named as a primary function of the National Forests "to furnish a continuous supply of timber for the use and necessities of citizens of the United States." The cutting of timber has increased from a negligible figure in 1905 to 1,037,000,000 board feet in the calendar year 1923. Plans of management have been instituted under which the mature timber will be cut in an orderly way on each natural unit and reforestation assured. The cut on each unit is limited to what it is producing by growth. Under this policy, the National Forests will ultimately yield six or seven billion board feet annually, and maintain that cut perpetually. If Mr. Gregg takes issue with this programme, he will have to change the Federal laws which prescribe the purposes of the National Forests.

One can no more discuss the value of timber in general terms than the value of buildings. It is determined by the quality and accessibility of the stumpage on each local tract. The Forest Service is selling timber at rates varying from 25 cents a cord for dead chestnut salvaged in the Southern Appalachians to $12.50 per thousand board feet for white pine in Idaho or $15 and more for ash in the White Mountains. All of our appraisals and competitive bids are open to public inspection. If Mr. Gregg wishes seriously to challenge whether the Government is obtaining full value for this resource, he must get down to cases.

Tree Planting

THE greatest agencies of reforestation in the National Forests are natural reseeding and fire prevention. On enormous areas fifteen years of persistent protection have re-established a new crop of timber. There are, however, probably 1,500,000 acres that must be planted in order to restore forest growth. The Forest Service is working at this job as fast as its appropriations permit. It is entirely true that they are inadequate. Mr. Gregg refers to a research project in planting, but deliberately ignores the statement in my annual report concerning the seven large nurseries in the National Forests which produce from eight to ten million small trees annually. If he took pains to investigate, he would find many recommendations from the Forest Service, not only in the last annual report but on other occasions, for increases in the funds for planting. The Forest Service ought to be able to institute a planting programme, such as that set forth in the Snell Bill, under which all the areas needing planting in the National Forests could be restored to tree growth in twenty or twenty-five years. A fresh recommendation in that direction, in the last estimates, was rejected. Mr. Gregg can hold the Forest Service responsible in any measure he chooses for the fact that the appropriating authorities will provide funds for building roads but will not provide adequate funds for planting.

Political Influence

IN a proposal to expand the forestry extension work of the Department of Agriculture among farmers Mr. Gregg sees an effort to use the far-flung organization of county agents, State agricultural colleges, and farm experts for the political ends of the Forest Service. In this statement Mr. Gregg is not indicting the Forest Service; he is indicting the extension organization of the Department of Agriculture, with its leaders and demonstrators in the forty-eight cooperating States. It would be easy enough to ascertain from the extension directors at agricultural colleges whether any effort has been made by the Forest Service to use their organization for political purposes.

The McNary Bill

MR. GREGG takes a parting shot at the new McNary Bill, sponsored by the American Forestry Association. Its appropriation, he says, is "to be obtained from Congress ostensibly for forest protection but largely, in reality, for recreation." Mr. Gregg surely knows that the sole object of this bill is to acquire more National Forests in the Eastern States. Whatever it might accomplish in rebuilding forests, he objects to it apparently because it would yield a certain by-product of recreation, fish, and game.

The Real Issue

MR. GREGG believes that the Forest Service is giving too much attention to recreation. By itself, that is a fair question. The policies of the Service are always open to public criticism. But to create public prejudice against recreation in the National Forests by distorting facts and to inspire distrust of the Forest Service by intimations of insincerity and dishonesty, unsupported by specific evidence, are not fair. In his resort to these methods of molding public opinion Mr. Gregg has done a grave wrong to the Forest Service.

The Forest Service Is Still on Its Job

ON June 14, 1921, the Chief of the Forest Service issued general instructions on the use of men and money in the National Forests, as follows:

> Our first and most imperative duty is protection from fire. Our second duty is protection from other natural destructive agencies. Our third duty is the administration of current use of timber and forage with a view to maintaining and, if possible, increasing the production of these resources.

This crystallization of Service policy subordinates all other activities to the primary obligations of protection, use of economic resources, and productivity of the soil.

The purposes of the Forest Service have undergone no change. They are what President Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot made them. The measure of success of the National Forests is all-round public service. Outdoor recreation is a part of it. On that the Forest Service stands pat.

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The Biggest City and Its Booze

By ERNEST W. MANDEVILLE

There are black spots in the history of prohibition enforcement. This article, one of a series which Mr. Mandeville is writing for The Outlook, tells of the situation as it exists in the metropolis, where sixty-five Federal agents are forced to cope with the thirst of millions

AS I drum these words out on my typewriter a bootlegger is shouldering cases of rum in next door. Having written my heading, I gazed out of the window, my mind searching for an opening sentence. In broad daylight a "delivery" is being made to a "hotel" which serves no food and offers no rooms. Why don't I notify the authorities? I've been told over and over again that this course of action proves useless. The bootlegger has protection, and is not bothered at all about complaints. Protection has become highly organized in New York City. Bootleggers do not fancy interruptions in their business, and have formed an association which serves the purpose of a Bootleggers' Protective Union. If any paying member is arrested, quick action follows, and he is immediately freed.

In the course of this investigation I have sat in the back rooms of places in the "roaring Forties," places to which entrance is effected only through successfully passing muster at two barred doors. Here I have seen a patrolman and a police captain walk in nonchalantly and drain their whisky glasses. My companion on one occasion (a man whom I trust absolutely) said to me:

"Why, that's nothing. A friend of mine is a Federal enforcement agent. He had nothing when he entered the service, but soon afterwards owned a high-priced car and boasted his entrée into the most exclusive of the Broadway night clubs."

These places, evidently, did not have Federal friends. Hence the barred doors.

Under present enforcement conditions, many consider protection unnecessary. One can easily see how they come to this conclusion. There are only 175 Federal agents in the whole State of New York. With no State enforcement law, they can look for but little help from municipal and county authorities. But 175 poorly paid agents to over ten million people. What chance have they? Judge Britt, chief counsel to the Prohibition Unit, figures that in New York State, a wet State without a dry law, there is one agent to each 45,788 people, and in Nevada, which is a dry State, there is one agent to 6,000 of the population.

The 175 agents in New York cannot all be active on general enforcement work. A goodly portion of them are engaged in watching the output of breweries. Others are busy checking up permittees, and others are engaged in the courts. It has been estimated that there are but sixty-five agents available for raids in New York State at any given time. When one stops to consider that New York State includes all the Long Island shore section (a haven for bootleggers) and a wide expanse of Canadian border line, the impossibility of effective enforcement can readily be understood.

You Can't Get Liquor Unless You Ask for It

As almost every one knows, New York City is wide open. Of course, liquor won't be served you unless you ask for it, but that is about the only restriction.

I found high-powered drinks being sold in almost all of the fashionable and supposedly most respectable eating-places. In most cases it was brought to the table in teacups. In only one instance was it necessary to go through any further trouble than sitting down and ordering. In this restaurant, one of the finest lunch places in New York, the drinking patron must walk to the back room, and then downstairs, where he will be served openly without any deception.

Then, too, in the moderate-priced eating-places I found liquor obtainable either in teacups or ginger-ale bottles. I went into one of these places in mid-evening accompanied by a monk in all his habiliments. We were perfect strangers, but had not the slightest difficulty in being served with beer of pre-Volstead strength. Whisky or gin was ours for the asking—and the price. In a downtown place absinthe, as well as the more customary liquors, was served openly. At another café the proprietor treated me, as a new customer, to a glass of Benedictine.

There are scores of places such as the above in all parts of the city. Many bars operate with double spigots, near-beer for the unknown, high-powered beer and hard liquor for those they recognize. Some bars are as wide open as in pre-prohibition days and sell to any one. One bar that I visited is located in the busiest part of the financial district. It has the old-type mahogany bar (about 100 feet in length) with a footrail and all the fixings. People rush in in hordes, crowd three deep around the bar, and are served in a jiffy—known or unknown. Highballs, cocktails, whisky straight, or what will you have?

The hotels and some of the cabarets will not take the risk. They do not themselves sell, but they put no damper on one's bringing a supply on the hip. Cracked ice, glasses, and carbonated water are furnished at a handsome profit, and one pours his own drink. Many ingenious flasks are sold to accommodate this trade. Large capacity being an essential in the present-day flask, some of them are so long that they almost tickle your shoulder blade. One of the most reputable sporting-goods stores in the city features "trick" flasks which look like something they are not. All manner and means of deception are cultivated, and the best stores encourage the practice.

While the hotels do not themselves sell, there is always a way within the hotel for the thirsty to be supplied. Some have special rooms to which the initiated are admitted, or the bell-boy or head porter can usually bring Scotch or rye to one's room for ten dollars a pint.

Besides the restaurant and saloon selling there are multitudes of "clubs" and "speak-easies" scattered throughout the apartment-houses. I sat in the back room of a notorious drinking place waiting for a lunch appointment. My expected companion did not arrive, and, being alone and the only other person in the room, I was invited to sit in for lunch with the next table of four. They were discussing plans for a grand opening of their new place in an apartment building on 52d Street. "All fixed up swell. Easy chairs, standing lamps, real homelike and comfortable. Just ring the apartment bell under the name of ——. Give some of these cards to your friends." Upon ringing the bell, the "speak-easy" doortender pops out on the hall landing and looks over the caller and his card before entrance.

Drug stores, barber shops, and soliciting bootleggers help to take care of the other city demands. Only a few weeks ago a man set up a stand in the lobby of a prominent Times Square office building and peddled out half-pint flasks of what purported to be whisky at one

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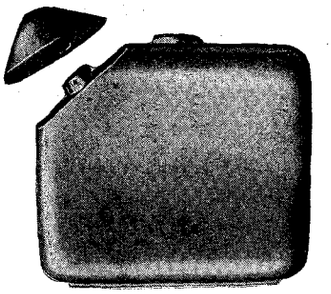
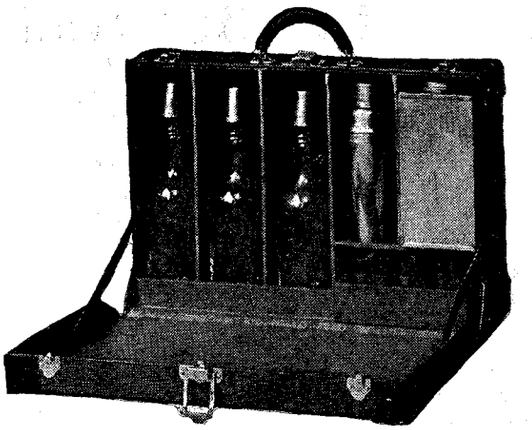
The Amended Brief Case—Christmas versus The People: contains papers of the case, and 3 strong arguments.



Cigarette Case Flask—As the illustration shows, to all appearances this is a cigarette case—but after it is passed and fails to open for a cigarette case, you remove the corner as shown by unscrewing, and behold— Useful and contains—well, many a laugh.



Traveling Cocktail Set—A handy companion—for a journey. As sure of a welcome as you are. Contains 3 quart bottles, cocktail shaker, cracked ice container, and six cocktail glasses.

Pictures and descriptions from the catalogue of a New York store of unquestionable standing

dollar a bottle. They went like hot cakes until it was discovered that the contents were only cold tea. Ten minutes' selling, a sizable roll of bills in hand, and disappearance at the first sign of dissatisfaction on the part of customers. New York has her share of suckers.

Many of the large office buildings contain their own bars. These are hidden away by the following method. On one of the upper floors there will be a suite of offices run for this purpose. The lettering on the outer door resembles the legitimate offices. It will be, perhaps, "Stocks and Bonds" or "Insurance Broker." Upon entrance, one notices the usual business of an outer office. A man or woman at a typewriter, files and papers strewn about. If you are a stranger and do not mention some one who is known to them, you are politely told that they do not handle whatever business you mention. Otherwise you pass into the inner office marked President or some title, and there any drink that you crave is sold by the glass or by the bottle. In one such "hide-away" that I visited in a prominent downtown building there was a completely equipped bar, with a white-jacketed bartender mixing all manners of drinks. In another the bar was missing and double-top desks with surrounding chairs served the same purpose. Mixed drinks of pre-prohibition character sell for fifty cents. Highballs are the same price, and beer sells at twenty-five cents a glass. In Chicago I found similar office-building "plants."

High-class bootleggers nowadays look like well-to-do brokers or bankers. They circularize through the mails and allow a customer to keep the shipment twenty-four hours in order to sample it. As they are carrying on an underhanded traffic, they are suspected of underhanded methods. In order to counteract this impression, those who are establishing regular trade operate by the best business methods. They offer money back or replacement for any of their goods which do not satisfy. They keep card indexes of prospective buyers with entries as to their favorite tastes. When "something extra good" comes in, the "legger" consults his file and starts out on his rounds.

There are many retail stores (grocery, delicatessen, etc.) located in the best sections of the city which make a practice of bootlegging. They approach the housewife or the servants when they make their other purchases.

Bootlegging has become such an established trade that other businesses have sprung up about it. For instance, note the "booze insurance" business, which is explained in the following letter that has recently been sent out to large lists of respectable folk:

> This is not from the Anti-Saloon League nor from a prohibition crank. It is from analysts who know their subjects.
>
> You may use alcoholic beverages and, as the result, lay yourself open to the use of "bum booze."
>
> You take a drink occasionally, treat your friends when they come to your home, or "set 'em up" for a buyer when he visits your office. How good is the stuff?
>
> It is utterly impossible for any one to judge the quality and contents of any beverage from either taste or appearance.
>
> A chemical analysis will quickly and positively show the presence of foreign matter, and only a chemical analysis will do that.
>
> The usual cost of a chemical analysis is six dollars. We have organized a special branch of laboratory to specialize in analysis of all types of beverages, with the result that we can do that work at a tremendous saving.
>
> Fifteen dollars a year will insure you against any bad "hootch" that you may have. It protects you as well as your friends—the cheapest form of life insurance you can obtain.

Bootleggers' Market

Scotch (per case)	$43
Rye	70
Gin (imported)	25
Champagne	60
Bacardi	35
Sherry	40
Sauterne	40
Beer (barrel)	33

Booze Curb Market

THE east side of Broadway between 41st and 42d Streets is the Booze Curb Market for New York. There, on the sidewalk, the Westchester roadhouse man meets the rum-runner and arranges for delivery. The boatmen bargain with those who pick up the cases at the shore. Prices all over New York are set by the quotations of this market.

A local paper prints from time to time the standard prices asked at this mart. The accompanying illustration is a photographic copy of the quotations just before the holiday prices set in. It is taken from a journal popular along Broadway.

Holiday prices boosted Scotch to $58 a case and champagne to between $85 and $95 per case. The beer, two dollars cheaper than a few months ago, is said to be the best in the country and made within the metropolitan area. Ale is imported from Canada. The gin quotation given is for imported gin, of which there is little existent. Synthetic gin sells for $13 a case delivered to your door. Bacardi has become a popular drink, serving as a substitute for bad gin.

Strangely enough, the rise in prices during December and January was not

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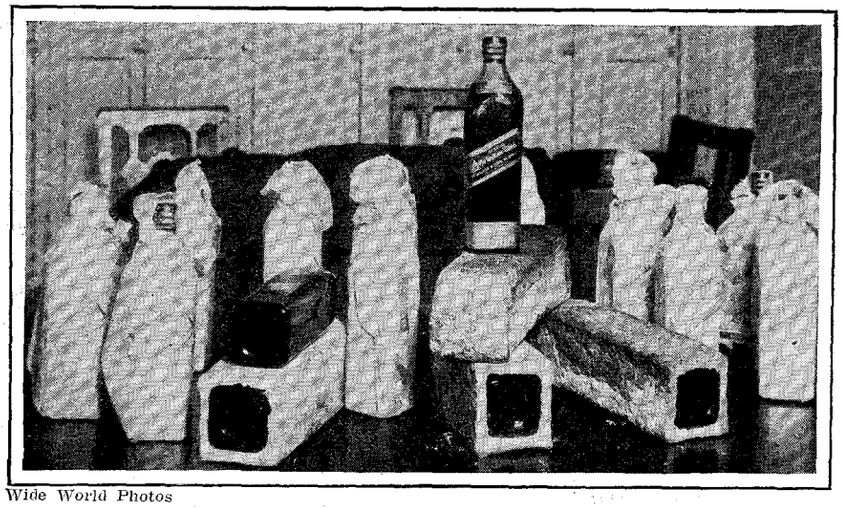

Wide World Photos

One of the numerous ways in which attempts have been made to smuggle liquor into the United States

caused by increased holiday demand or by stricter enforcement, but because of the bad weather. The small boats which ply between the shore and Rum Row are unable to navigate with as great ease or safety during the blizzardy weather. Naturally, when the risk of life and safety of landing shipments increase, the prices all along the line increase. Boatmen who demand five dollars a case for transportation between Rum Row and the shore during normal weather must get from ten to fifteen dollars a case during the winter to pay them for idle nights and times when they cannot beach a load safely on account of the pitching sea.

Prices have gone down steadily since the first years of prohibition. During the first year of its life Scotch sold for $100 and more a case. Now in the normal season it can be bought for $35, and sometimes even less.

When Walter de la Mare, the English writer, visited a friend in New York recently, he expressed great surprise at the low price at which cased wet goods could be purchased. He said, "Why, that's cheaper than I can buy it back at home!" The reason is, of course, that the very heavy import tax previously imposed need not be figured now.

Stores ask about double the above prices when they sell by the bottle. The prevailing figure for a quart of Scotch in New York is $7. Champagne is served on gala occasions in the cabarets for $30 a bottle, which figures at the rate of $360 a case.

Night clubs (cafés that keep open from ten until unconscious) sell whisky by the drink at $1.50. Twelve bottles to a case, probably diluted to "fifths;" sixteen drinks to a bottle; 192 drinks in a case. One case wholesale, $43 on an average. One case retail, $288. Profit, $245. No wonder they make big money!

When I interviewed Prohibition Commissioner Roy A. Haynes in Washington, he said to me: "I know that there is very little drinking going on. Why, I go up to New York once every three or four weeks. I get in there about midnight. No one knows that I am coming except a couple of my under-cover men. I walk down through the East Side and stand around the Bowery. I see no drinking. There is no drunkenness."

But I believe that the Commissioner goes to the wrong place to observe drinking and drunkenness. The Bowery is a thing of the past. If he would stand about the lobby of some of the large uptown hotels about that hour in the evening, he might change his views. Fifteen minutes in the lobby of the Commodore Hotel at midnight showed me eleven drunks.

Mr. Shaw Talks of Art, Labor, and Neckties

By WALTER TITTLE

This is the second of two articles in which Mr. Tittle reports the verbal fireworks of Bernard Shaw

AS the portraits advanced, my sitter evinced much interest in my method and displayed a very profound knowledge of painting. Early in life, he told me, he had written a great deal of art criticism. In one of the pictures I tried to delineate the kindly Shaw of every-day life, the aspect least known to his public, and in the other the Shavian sparkle that is apparent when he is talking in a more or less mischievous vein. Alluding to the latter, he remarked, "Ah, here you are painting my reputation!"

During one of our sittings Mr. Shaw was most interesting in his account of the making of a bust of him by Rodin.

"He had a curious way of working by profiles. From a given point of view he would proceed until the outline of the clay corresponded with the outlines of the sitter, and then observe from a different angle. At the beginning the thing was done summarily, with broad generalizations, his method becoming more painstaking and minute as the task progressed. The amazing thing about the whole performance was that the various aspects of the portrait in its different stages of completion constituted what was practically a history of sculpture from the twelfth century to the present day. The twelfth-century stage was superb, and I tried to persuade him to stop there, but he would not. It looked like a sculpture from Chartres. After phases of exceeding interest corresponding to the Renaissance, it was terrible to see it pass through the various stages of decadence, with the stamp of each succeeding century upon it. It was quite hopeless in its seventeenth-century state; later it resembled the work of Houdon, and often it would have been excellent if he had been content to call it finished. Toward the end I despaired of its amounting to anything at all worth while; it degenerated to a rotten parallel of present-day English sculpture, and then suddenly came the transformation, and it was a Rodin. It was fascinating to see him at work, plodding calmly on, with none of the frenzy in which some artists indulge. Several times with a wire he cut off one of the ears and the nose, replacing them in a position more to his liking. The head was so real at this stage that it was just as if he were cutting into a living thing. Mrs. Shaw said it hurt her to see him do it.

"Rodin's calm while working was in striking contrast to the temperamental passion into which Prince Troubetskoy whipped himself when I sat to him. Mr. Sargent loaned his studio for the sittings, and I was astonished at this artist's frenzied rushings hither and yon, throwing his clay all over the place until floor, walls, pictures, and even myself were

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covered with it. There was no complaint from the kindly Mr. Sargent, but at the next mud-slinging contest the floor and walls were carefully covered with canvas."

While we were on the subject of sculpture Mr. Shaw expressed appreciation for some of the work of Epstein and for Barnard's Lincoln. Brock's colossal monument in front of Buckingham Palace came in for a well-merited scoring, as did the Cavell memorial and some others. In speaking of the depths to which architecture and design had fallen in the comparatively immediate past, the name of Waterhouse, among others, was mentioned.

"The secret of Waterhouse's success was in that he gave more architecture to the square inch than any other British architect," and I laughed as I recalled the repeating patterns of tiles and writhing detail that surrounded me every day in the club, a work of this man, where I had recently lived.

Art Old and New

THE fact that I prepared my portraits of him in *grisaille* before going into the color found favor with my sitter.

"This was the method of the old masters," he said, "and is a much more thorough procedure than is usually followed in these slipshod days. Painters to-day are, at best, mere amateurs compared with the old ones. Look at the work of van Eyck, for instance. He didn't mess around with a lot of glaring brush strokes, he really *made* the thing. Painters nowadays play around with their art, expecting a few broad suggestions to express what the great masters really *made,* sparing no amount of pains to bring their work to full completion."

"Yes," I replied, "van Eyck did make the actual thing he was depicting, but after he made it he did a great deal more. He eliminated all unnecessary elements until a simplicity of such vastness resulted that the completed thing was really very suggestive, giving the imagination much to dwell upon. If he had not done this, his canvases would have been mere inventories of facts. In describing a set for one of your plays you do not merely make a catalogue of objects, you mention a few outstanding properties that give the spirit of the atmosphere you wish to create. In delineating a character, again you seize upon the most vital, outstanding traits of the individual you are visualizing, the ones that will suggest the whole more vividly than any inventory possibly could. The best of latter-day painting is such a parallel of your own method that in condemning it you condemn yourself. In the rush of these rapid times elimination is achieved in all the arts in much the same way; we eliminate as we produce, rather than after a minute and leisurely completion is achieved. And since the days of van Eyck so many new discoveries have added to the vocabulary of painting that a universal quality, including them all, is impossible. I, too, prefer the best of the old art to what we produce to-day, but, along with all the other arts, painting has become a comparative shorthand, mirroring the speed of this age, and is less significant, perhaps, than earlier painting in proportion to the decrease of intellectuality, as well as patronage, in this age as compared with previous ages. At any rate, the result is different, and in the spirit of our time, adding variety to the sum total of art, and the best of it should stand very well in the history of artistic endeavor."

The result of this harangue was an expression of what seemed to be approval on Mr. Shaw's kindly face, causing me to suspect that he had been baiting me a bit to draw out my views. He did not capitulate, but mentioned Turner as an example of extreme and lamentable haste verging on charlatanism, and of Whistler, too, he seemed to entertain a similar conviction. I said that these, along with other modern painters, were of the class that strive for certain qualities previously unachieved, and gain them at the sacrifice of other qualities that had been often recorded or are perhaps irreconcilable with the ones sought. The various discoveries in the painter's art that have accumulated through the centuries have so increased its vocabulary that selection is more and more necessary. Still, he had not much to say in favor of Whistler's canvases, nor did the personality of the painter appeal to him. He said that he would have won a real victory over Ruskin in their famous suit if he had not tried to be too clever. Of the trend of present-day American art, however, he said hopeful things. American writers are provincial no longer, he said, though not long ago this was true of them in the mass.

"Your artists and writers are rapidly improving now. They are as good as any. Your whole country is finding itself, and is going ahead of the older ones."

He told of his sittings to Augustus John. Lady Gregory had arranged for their meeting, and invited Mr. Shaw and the artist to her house in Ireland.

"It was a small house-party, and after the rest of us had been there a week John finally arrived, looking considerably worn and disheveled. He made many starts, one canvas following another in rapid succession. Some of the guests got into the room that he used as a studio one day, and dubbed the current effort 'The Greengrocer.' John got wind of it, and was quite angry that they dared look at his work without permission. He destroyed 'The Greengrocer,' and later produced three very nice things. I fell asleep as he was doing one of them, and he painted me sleeping. He called it 'The Philosopher.'" One of these canvases I saw at Mr. Shaw's house, and his evident liking for it rather contradicted his previously recorded quarrel with modern art.

The High Cost of Art

MR. SIDNEY COCKERELL came to the studio during one of the sittings, and the conversation turned to prices that artists ask for their work. Mr. Cockerell felt rather strongly on the subject, in view of the fact that he is head of the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, and finds it difficult at times to raise the funds necessary for the purchase of pictures for the Museum's collection. He argued that no painter should ask more than a hundred guineas for a portrait, quoting prices received by Romney, Raeburn, and others that made the above-named sum seem generous by comparison.

"If they would be content with remuneration like this," Mr. Cockerell continued, "all good artists could keep their time filled, would make more money than they do now, and not have long periods of enforced idleness between commissions."

The twinkle in Mr. Shaw's eye betrayed that his partisanship for Mr. Cockerell's view, then expressed, was solely for the sake of starting an argument.

"This is hardly the stand that I would expect from a veteran champion of labor like you, Mr. Shaw," I replied, "and I am positive that the recompense that you receive for your work is calculated on no such meager basis. If steady slavery for a pittance should be our lot, how could we be expected to improve in our work, with no periods for experimentation in between? Sitters who order their portraits do not allow us much latitude of this sort, you know."

"Well, sitters should be educated to co-operate with artists, so that the best results are possible. When I sat to Rodin, I put myself entirely in his hands. I suggested no time limit, and told him to do with me what he would. People should submit themselves unreservedly to artists, in this manner"—then, catching himself, he cast a sly look in the direction of Mr. Cockerell. "I'm putting bad ideas into Mr. Tittle's head, I fear," he laughed. But he had already given me good material with which to taunt him

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In his writings and speeches Mr. Shaw frequently delivers himself of utterances that cause his readers and auditors to believe him the most conceited of men. I have always suspected that he was laughing in his sleeve, saying such things for the sheer pleasure of spoofing, knowing at the same time that they are arresting, and a sort of propaganda that sticks in the mind of the public. Never once in my presence did he indulge in a remark of this kind, and even before I met him I was positive that he was "pulling the leg" of an acquaintance of mine who reported to me outlandish statements that Mr. Shaw had made to him, bowling over the gods of literature to place himself above them. Proof that my surmise was correct came one day when the name of this friend appeared in our conversation. A twinkle of mischievous amusement flashed into his eyes as he said:

"A curious chap. He has no imagination whatever. He believes everything he hears; every word that falls from my mouth is gospel to him! Yet I like him very much. He reminds me of a journalist who came down to Hardy's once when I was there. He was asked to stay to lunch. He hung on the novelist's every word, eagerly jotting down such priceless gems as "Pass the salt," or, "No, thank you."

An amusing anecdote of Sir Edward Elgar is worth recording.

"A certain group used to meet at dinner from time to time, among them Moore, Elgar, and Roger Fry. There was always abundance of discussion on the subject of art, and sometimes it waxed very interesting indeed. On one of these occasions Fry made the remark: 'The various arts are really the same, when all is said and done. Design is the basis of them all.' 'They are not alike!' Elgar exploded violently. 'Music is really creative. It is written in characters of flame across the sky. It is not like the miserable imitative copying that you painters do.' We were all somewhat aghast, as the thing was said in such a way that only a slap in the face or a laugh could possibly meet the occasion, but Fry wisely chose the latter course. Elgar is really a great swell, you know. English music had been dead for a long time when he revived it. A group of able younger men have followed him, but he is the biggest of the lot."

A verbal picture of Strindberg was most interesting:

"Finding myself in the town where he lived, I thought it only courteous to send him a note, offering to call upon him. I was astonished to receive in reply a long letter that rambled on interminably with elaborate explanations of reasons why he could not see me. It was evident that he was quite mad; the missive had a disconnected and hysterical quality that left no doubt of it. Imagine my surprise on receiving the next morning another letter urging me to come, with an anxiety quite equaling his former desire that I stay away. I found him a most curious little man, suffering tortures of nervousness and diffidence that gave way to comparative calm after we had talked a bit. We discussed the drama, and he was very interesting indeed. Not having a language in common, he was greatly perturbed at first as to what tongue we should use in our conversation, a problem that carried the simplest of solutions with it, as there was a person in his studio who could have translated French, a language well known to him; but after much indecision he elected to use German, sending out for a special interpreter. He had a tiny theater of his own, where his plays were produced, and to my suggestion that he ought to be provided with a bigger one, by the state perhaps, for no apparent reason he deemed it impossible and inadvisable. After a considerable and most interesting visit he suddenly came out with the appalling announcement, 'I must beg you to excuse me now, for at precisely three o'clock I shall be sick.' I left, and have not the slightest doubt that he kept this appointment with the utmost punctuality."

Of another figure of the theater, Max Reinhardt, an opinion was forthcoming. His chief importance lay in the fact that he had added several new inventions to the equipment of the drama, Mr. Shaw said, but he did not think his productions too impressive.

Even the Great Have Cramps

MY sitter rose from his chair, and as he stepped down from the model-stand let out a yell that startled me. I thought he had hurt himself in some way, but in reply to my inquiry he explained:

"Only a cramp in my leg; I'm getting old and stiff. I'm the laziest man in the world, you know, but sitting idle too long in the same spot is too much of a good thing. Are you going to give me a red tie in this portrait? I don't care for that color; I am most particular about my ties, too."

"Do you like them all subdued and somber, like the ones I have seen you wear?" I asked, indicating the dark-brown striped one of that occasion.

"Oh, dear no! I am quite fond of gay effects, though my ties at present are very bad. I have not been able to get

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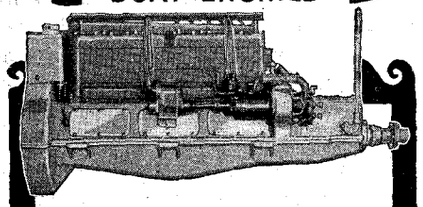

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nice ones since the war. The Germans are the only people who can make good dyes. The most effective combination I ever had was a heliotrope tie with a lilac shirt. It was stunning. I like to harmonize variations of the same color. This combination with a suit of pure black and white alternating stripes that I had some time ago would have been very effective for one of the portraits." No accusation of insipidity could possibly be lodged against this scheme, but, lacking the properties, we had to content ourselves with more commonplace materials.

About the fit of the clothing, too, he was quite particular, and described difficulties he had had with his tailors, with which I fully sympathized because of similar experience.

A Recipe for Good Clothes

"The first fitting was usually most satisfactory, the cutter having done his work well, but then began endless ripping of seams, snipping of bits of cloth off here and there, basting, pinning, and ripping it all out again and again, until after many visits my patience was exhausted and the suit a failure. Now I demand that they sew it up after the first visit, and I get good clothes. I asked my tailor how it happened that his clothing fitted him so well. 'I try on every suit that is made here, and keep the ones that fit me,' he replied. Many people prefer to have a lot of fuss made over them at their tailors' and their barbers'. My wife insisted some time ago that, instead of having my hair washed by my barber, who had served me well at sixpence a time, I must go to an American expert, a woman, and pay half a guinea. Her treatment was supposed to make the hair grow, though the process was precisely the same as the one to which I was used, a plain wash with soap and water. The top of my head, where I need more hair, was not affected by it at all, but from the middle of my forehead grew a most luxurious mustache! I had considerable trouble getting rid of it. See? There is quite a trace of it left."

Most revealing, indeed, were these sittings with the supposedly caustic and diabolical Mr. Shaw. The conviction about the man that results from personal contact with him was so fittingly expressed by his friend Sir James Barrie, who came to my studio to see the portraits, that I can do no better than let him have the final word.

"Shaw is one of the kindest men in the world," he said. "He gladly helps any one whom he knows to be in distress. If I were in need, he is the first person to whom I would appeal, and I would go to him with utter confidence."

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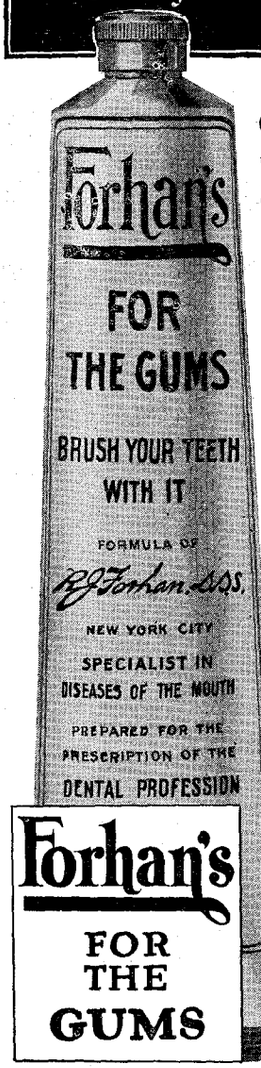

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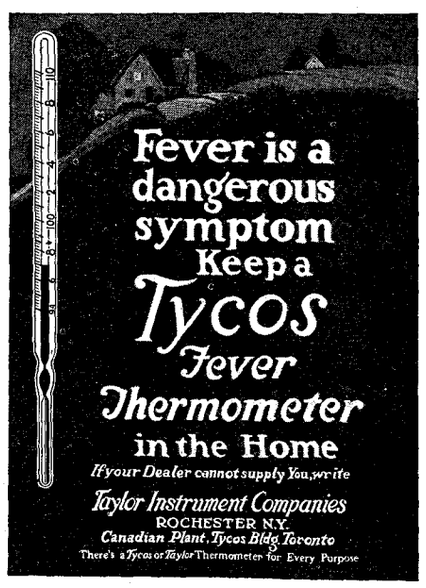

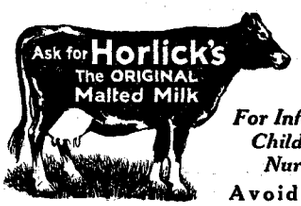

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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

Soul, Body, and Stuffing

Reviews by H. W. BOYNTON

"THE Soul Enchanted"[1] is to be a sort of companion piece for "Jean-Christophe," doing for the creature woman what the earlier work did for the creature man. "Annette and Sylvie" is the first of we know not how many volumes; "Jean Christophe" ran to ten in the original. The second installment, to be called "Summer," will appear in English within six months. Here is the first chapter of the story of Annette Rivière. She is an intelligent girl of good Parisian family, her mother a virtuous and pious woman, her father a successful architect and various lover. He can be as charming to his daughter as to his mistresses, and indeed devotes himself to her during his waning years, after the mother's death. Then he dies, and Annette at twenty has to begin to make her own life. With her mother's poise and gravity and her father's charm and passion, she has an inheritance which may come to anything.

Her father dies, and she discovers from his papers what a rake he has been. She discovers also that she has had a rival for his affection in a half-sister, Sylvie. She looks up Sylvie, and falls in love with her at once. Annette is large and vigorous, comely rather than pretty; Sylvie is small and coquettish, the complete midinette. Yet their noses and their natures share a common legacy from their father. Sylvie has already had lovers; the life of sex she accepts as a matter of course. Annette cannot take it so. Yet sex stirs in her, and is not to be appeased either by her intellectual activities or by her love for Sylvie. After a preliminary infatuation, purely physical, which comes to nothing, she falls seriously in love with a youth of her own class and set, a promising young politician. He is a nice enough fellow, but conventional and the slave of his family circle. Annette wishes to marry him, but not to submerge her life in his. She tells him of her scruples. He cannot understand her, and they part—but not till, in a gesture part generous, part abandoned, she has given herself to him. Grief and regret follow, to be broken by her sudden exultant sense of approaching motherhood. There the volume ends.

In his foreword M. Rolland asserts confidently that when he has once "adopted" his characters, Jean-Christophe or Annette, he is "no more than the secretary of their thoughts. I listen to them, I see them act, I see through their eyes." So he does; in large measure, we feel it. But, like every artist, he is, after all, an interpreter, not a reporter. And the interpreter in his weaker moments becomes expositor. There are passages in which Rolland speaks through Annette's lips rather than she through his. We feel this particularly in Chapter XII, where Annette lectures Roger in good set terms on her theories of marriage; which are, we can but note, precisely the theories of M. Rolland.

It is the translator who writes an Introduction to the English version of "Thomas the Impostor."[2] He describes the author, Jean Cocteau, as a Frenchman of the younger school who "stands apart from his contemporaries. They are jealous and afraid of him; he is decently courteous to them." He is, we learn, "a *choreagos* and a *meneur de jeu* . . . a magnet, but also a leader, though no despot." He is, in short, a great little man of the day; and this, we infer, is his masterpiece. The translator's opinion of the work, as of the author, recognizes no ifs or buts. A small work, but marvelously balanced and compacted. Its adventurer-hero is "a dazzling figure and, with the Princess de Bormes, one of the two most appealing characters in French fiction." As the Princess is another inhabitant of his book, we feel that we are to be in high company, and approach the narrative with hopeful awe.

Every reader, however well intentioned, has his blind spots. I can only confess that I do not find the superlative charm and meaning in this tale which the barker at the door of the booth led me to expect. It seems to me a slight and amusing fantasy about a young French rascal in war time whose successful effronteries were terminated only by a

[1] Annette and Sylvie. Being Volume One of The Soul Enchanted. By Romain Rolland. Translated from the French by Ben Ray Redman. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $2.50.

[2] Thomas the Impostor. By Jean Cocteau. Translated from the French, with an Introduction, by Lewis Galantière. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.75.

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casual bullet. Perhaps the excellence, the aroma, of the tale are of a kind not to be carried over alive from one tongue to another.

"Gold by Gold," [3] by Herbert S. Gorman, and "Miracle," [4] by Clarence Budington Kelland, represent opposite extremes of the usual thing as now turned out by American novelists. They are totally unlike, but neither is in any way original. They simply follow different patterns. "Gold by Gold" follows the mood-and-spasm pattern of our new mystic-naturalists, the Joyces and the Franks and the Andersons. The streak-of-lightning design on the back of the cover is an excellent symbol. The theme is that dirty practitioner and mouthing futility, man. You may take a sample of the style anywhere without injustice: "Ah, but he hated his father. The day he died. The silent house. The hushed visitors. The sickly smell over all."

"Miracle" follows the pattern of the romantic movies. This reverse influence on popular fiction is growing stronger. A few years ago a man would write a novel to print, and afterward scan it to see whether there was movie stuff in it. Now he writes the movie and then "novelizes it," or writes the novel with the movie scenario always in mind. "Miracle" is claptrap, an artificial compound of all the popular ingredients—embittered and Herculean hero, blameless and persecuted heroine, wicked uncle, and the rest of it. Not the most pleasing part of the performance is its use, for purely mechanical ends, of a miraculous cure at St. Anne de Beaupré.

[3] Gold By Gold. By Herbert S. Gorman. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.50.
[4] Miracle. By Clarence Budington Kelland. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.

The New Books

FICTION

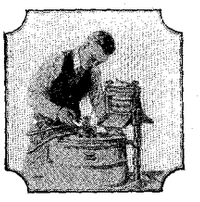
FIVE IN FAMILY. By E. H. Anstruther (Mrs. J. C. Squire). Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

This novel is a little like the work of Archibald Marshall. It certainly is not passionate or exciting, but it does leave us (as the publishers quite truly say) with the feeling that we are among pleasant people leading pleasant lives.

JONAH. By Robert Nathan. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $2.

The qualities praised by critics in Mr. Nathan's "Puppet Master"—gentle irony and dreamy fantasy—appear also in this morally tragical study of that earnest but not virile legendary prophet who went to Nineveh against his will and had the famous whale ride. The discussions between the Almighty, the whale, the devil, and Jonah are humorous, and are saucy

Help Your Wife



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rather than irreverent. The writing of the book is delightful; the purpose and substance of the satire are somewhat wavering. Idealism or conformity, love or duty, beauty or evil desire, submission or liberty—these are some of the topics played upon here with skill and with mild incentive to thought.

TO BABYLON. By Larry Baretto. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

A quietly efficient variation on the old theme of the young man who leaves his country town in the West to make fame and fortune in "Babylon." Thorne has the advantage and disadvantage of being a lad of pleasing personality, good looks, good manners, and fair ability. He does not set the waters of Babylon (alias New York) on fire, but he is catapulted most surprisingly into gay and exclusive social circles. Happily, he escapes, scorched but sane, back to the home town and finds still faithful his patient first love—which is much more than he deserved. The novel holds the attention well, and is distinctly above the average of the season's fiction.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

ADVENTURES IN CRITICISM. By Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

It seems distinctly odd, in this year 1925, on opening a new book at random, to read that "Weir of Hermiston" has not yet been published, and that "the dramatic version of 'Trilby' presented a few days ago by Mr. Tree" has scored a success. The wonder lessens as we turn back to the characteristically engaging dedication to A. B. Walkley. The papers first appeared in "The Speaker" in the eighteen-nineties, when Mr. Walkley wrote about plays and "Q" about books. They were first collected and published in 1896, and are now reprinted with some changes.

The dedication speaks of "that besetting fault of the young journalist, who finds no satisfaction in his business of making bricks without straw unless he can go straightway and heave them at somebody." Yet the interest of this book is more in the shrewd hits Sir Arthur scores off Charles Kingsley, Samuel Butler, and Bobby Burns than in the praise given two abysmally forgotten novels by Anthony Hope. Nor does there seem much reason for reprinting the amiable but somewhat perfunctory *feuilleton* on Frank Stockton. But there are many delightful things. Two essays on Stevenson are written with the discernment to be expected of a man who was so much in sympathy with Stevenson as to be able to complete successfully one of his unfinished novels. The defense of penny dreadfuls has as much wit as

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point. It is gratifying to learn once and for all that Quiller-Couch does not rhyme with "vouch" or much of anything else except "hooch"—probably an unknown word to the author. The publishers furnish no clue to the price of the book.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

ADVENTURES IN PERU. By C. H. Prodgers. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $4.

This book appears after its author's busy and adventurous life had closed. He had been in his time stock-rider, miner, soldier, horse-trainer, big-game hunter, railway engineer, stock exchange operator, and explorer, first in South Africa and later in South America. His earlier adventures were set forth in "Adventures in Bolivia," to which this book appears to be a sequel, to judge from its casual beginning. Casualness, in fact, is a feature of the whole book, and its highly interesting material would have been none the worse for a little more consecutive arrangement. Treasure-seeking, puma hunting, miracles, and sea serpents tread on one another's heels.

The sea serpent appeared twice to Mr. Prodgers, on both occasions near the island of Fernando de Noronha, east of Brazil. Soon after consuming a few cold beef sandwiches and half a bottle of beer he "distinctly saw the Wonder of the Seas. It appeared about fifty yards ahead of the steamer, on the port side. It had a head as big as a cow's head, and its body looked as large round as a flour barrel. I only saw one coil of the latter, and that was a matter of eight to ten yards away from the head, and raised above the water a foot or so." Another ophidian chapter later on makes equally good reading.

MISCELLANEOUS

MEMOIRS OF THE FOREIGN LEGION. By M. M. With an Introduction by D. H. Lawrence. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $2.50.

This volume may be read with considerable profit by every student of human nature. As psychological material it gains greatly in value through the Introduction, which sheds interesting light not only on the author, but on Mr. Lawrence as well both as man and artist. Perhaps the book in its entirety would be less attractive if it were not so intriguing. For it is impossible to believe that the whole story has been told, or that the story told is wholly true. Some day we may have additional data from some third source, and if in that manner we arrive at the real story of this American of German descent, said to have been a natural half-brother of the ex-Kaiser at Doorn and now buried in a suicide's grave at Malta, we shall possess a human document of unusual significance.

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THE WORLD OF TODAY. Edited by Sir Harry Johnston and Dr. Haden Guest. 4 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $5 per vol.

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By the Way

A SUBSCRIBER in Port Huron, Michigan, tells this story:

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From the Eugene (Oregon) "Guard:"

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How many of our readers were able to fill in the missing words in the puzzle rhyme in the issue of February 18? They are, in the order in which they appear: Pots, tops, stop, spot, post.

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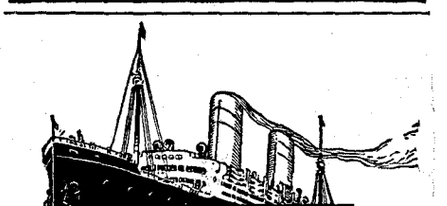

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The Tyranny of Uncle Sam

By BILL ADAMS

JUNK and Menbut and I used to sit on my doorstep, or on Junk's doorstep, or Menbut's doorstep, sometimes at the end of the day. Junk was a dirt worker, and took besides whatever jobs came along. Menbut was a carpenter, but did not belong to the union. Like many men from foreign lands, he was very sensitive. It made him wince to hear his broken English made fun of. Because he knew that it would be made fun of he did not join, but worked alone. The best carpenter in the village, he did little odd jobs, such as building hen-houses for old widow women and putting new back steps to cottages. Now and again he'd get a good job from some Swede farmer. Sometimes he dug ditches with Junk. I offered to teach him my trade, but he was not a tree man. I pruned in the groves all the year round. Some men take to trees, and some don't; just as some take to teaming and some to work with a hoe.

Junk was not Junk's real name. Some one said one day, "I see you've got some poor white trash next door." The kids picked it up, and I had to tell them to go easy. "They'll overhear you," I said. "You mustn't talk that way." So we used to speak of them as the Junks.

They were just very poor rough folks. Mrs. Junk chewed tobacco and when outdoors spat farther than any ship's boatswain that ever I sailed with. Indoors she'd an empty lard can handy. This isn't nice, I know; but I'm telling you about people. (Maybe you've been raised different.)

Junk and his wife and son and daughter would all go to work together and swing a pick and shovel each all through a ten-hour day. Bacon and corn bread were about all they ate.

We three would sit together and talk about everything under the sun—about work, and whether it looked like it was going to be a hard winter, and the price of overalls, and whether a fellow could trust the banks to take care of his money if ever he saved any or whether he'd better keep it in a hole under the house.

Menbut's wife used to go barefoot. She couldn't read or write. When her housework was all done up, she'd sit in the front window and watch for passers-by. Every passer interested her. The smallest incident was "news." While her man and Mrs. Junk's man and I sat on the doorstep the three women folk would visit in one or other of our front rooms.

Menbut was a rabid old Socialist, and always voted for "Dat Debs." Junk didn't vote. He was too shy to register, because he had difficulty in signing his name and thought he'd have to. Menbut could write his name, and that was all. He always took the village paper, but he almost always read it upside down. When prohibition came along, he used to shout: "Int skall no vuns put my boys in chains! Dees ess free cuntry, I tell you. Dat dam' prohibish! It ees no goot."

Junk would turn to me and say: "Say, you bin about a bit, Bill. Now, d'you s'pose as there's anything to all this here talk about America bein' so much better'n all them other countries? Don't you s'pose as it's jest them rich guys a-tellin' us about it so as to keep us down?"

Last week I had a letter from one of Junk's kids. She's going to college. Her brother is at high school. Menbut's boy is studyin' to be a lawyer.

I'm sitting on my doorstep laughing.

I "bin around a bit."

I forgot to tell you that Menbut wasn't Menbut's real name.

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